

TWENTY CENTS

DECEMBER 10, 1956

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



POLAND'S  
GOMULKA

\$6.00 A YEAR

1956 U.S. PAT. OFFICE

VOL. LXVIII NO. 24

# France



*If you love life—  
you'll love France!*

... And winter is such a wonderful time to go! Just imagine *you* on the sunlit Riviera ... swimming, sailing, dancing till dawn ... savoring "spécialités" like bouillabaisse and cardoons dipped in anchovy and garlic sauce! Then off for some exciting skiing in the nearby Maritime Alps. And finally, on to Paris with its endless delights. See your travel agent; write: Dept. T-8, Box 221, N.Y. 10, N.Y.



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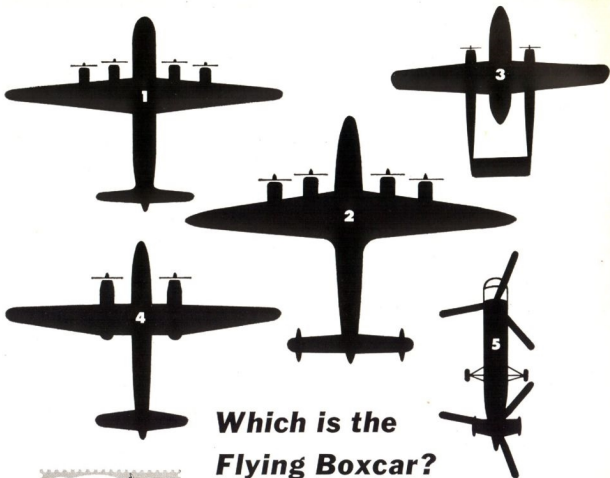
*Studebaker's new Supercharged Golden Hawk—room for five!*

**Sport-spirited luxury**—exciting supercharged performance, eager, road-sure handling, *plus* luxurious comfort for five! It's exclusive with Studebaker. Like Twin-Traction Control and Luxury-Level Ride, it's another example of the superior *Craftsmanship* that makes the big difference in '57!



**Studebaker-Packard**  
CORPORATION

*Where pride of Workmanship comes first!*



## Which is the Flying Boxcar?

*Thompson valves and pistons help make all of these famous aircraft more dependable*

A MEMBER of the Civilian Ground Observer Corps would instantly spot No. 3 (above) as the C-119, the famous "Flying Boxcar" which has performed so well in ferrying troops and supplies to combat areas.

A Ground Observer would also easily identify the others as: (1) Douglas DC-7; (2) Lockheed Super-Constellation; (4) Navy Neptune; and (5) Army Helicopter.

Every time you go aboard a DC-7, a Super-Constellation . . . or many other aircraft . . . you'll reach your destination quickly and safely. Their great engines are thoroughly dependable.

**But no aircraft engine is better than its valves and pistons!**

That's why leading makers of airplane engines choose Thompson

valves and pistons. Thompson's Valve Division has made remarkable advances in new aircraft valve materials and designs. And Thompson pistons are tops because of the many advances pioneered by the Light Metals Division of Thompson in aluminum and magnesium casting materials and methods.

And Thompson has long been a leader in the development and production of parts for jet aircraft. As a matter of fact, there are Thompson parts in every jet that flies today.

Thompson's contributions to the aircraft industry are well matched by the many Thompson pioneering contributions to the automotive industry for 55 years . . .

pistons, piston rings, valves, valve inserts, cylinder liners, ball joints for front-wheel suspension, and many other dependable parts of your own car.

Other industries, too, have learned "You can count on Thompson" for dependable parts and components. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

**You can count on  
Thompson  
Products**

MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOTIVE, AIRCRAFT, INDUSTRIAL AND ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS. FACTORIES IN SIXTEEN CITIES.



## **NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS**

# **Nylon cord tires\* offered as new safety feature on Continental Mark II**

**Engineered to meet today's driving needs,  
nylon cord gives tires lasting strength,  
means new freedom from fear of blowouts**

Now for today's horsepower and highways there are modern tires with the safety that only nylon cord can give. Nylon gives tires extra stamina to stand mile-after-mile driving strains that can cause unseen damage to your tires. Nylon cord gives added protection against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence.

*Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Nylon cord tires are available from all tire makers. Be sure to look for the identification on the sidewall.*

\*OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



**The safest, strongest tires you can have on your new car  
are made with nylon cord**



**1. BRUISE DAMAGE** caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of tire blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives you extra safety, added protection mile after mile.



**2. MOISTURE** seeping in through cracks or cuts in tire rubber weakens ordinary cord, results in dangerous, unseen damage to your tires. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture damage because water can't rot nylon cord.

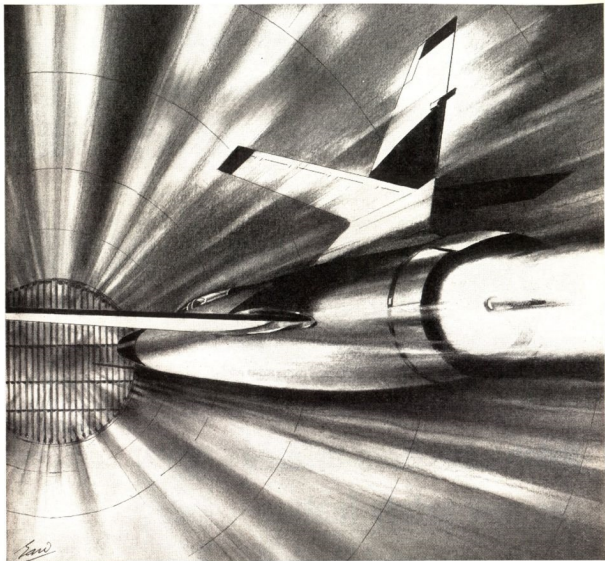


**3. FLEX STRAIN** that occurs every time a tire turns can sap its strength, lead to premature failure. Nylon's resilience guards against damaging flex fatigue, gives lasting protection against this cause of blowout.



**4. HEAT** can permanently weaken tire cord, lead to blowouts. Nylon gives two-way protection: It has greater heat resistance — also makes cooler-running tires. That's why racing tires are made with nylon.





## Tunnel to Outer Space

World's most powerful wind tunnel, lashing tomorrow's spacecraft with winds many times the speed of sound . . .

World's largest outdoor turbine, producing electricity for Atomic Energy Works at Paducah, Kentucky . . .

World's most completely automated plant, manufacturing automobile engines . . .

First successful diamond-making machine, with pressures up to 1,500,000 pounds per square inch . . .

These new challenges to man's lubrication know-how

all have this one thing in common, SOCONY MOBIL's *master touch in oil*. It guards one of every six industrial wheels turning in the Free World, including more than half of all the big turbines (5,000 kilowatts and over).

Good reason! Men who depend on machinery depend on SOCONY MOBIL as a partner in its protection.

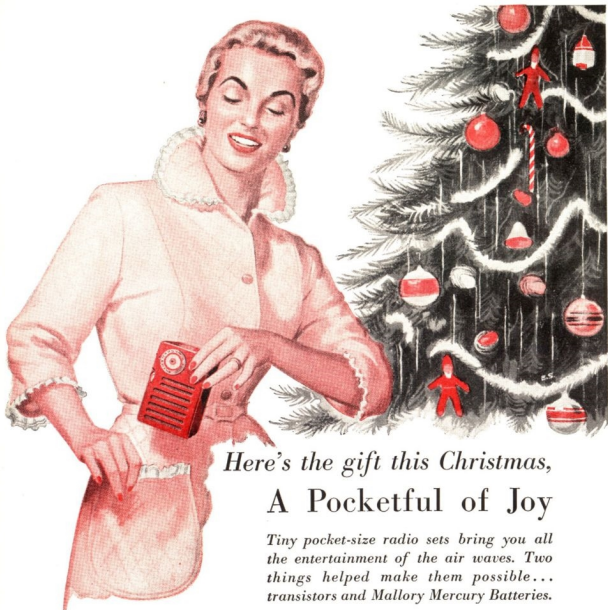
\* \* \*

Wherever there's progress in motion—in your car, your plane, your farm, your factory, your boat, your home—you, too, can look to the leader for lubrication.



**SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC.**

LEADER IN LUBRICATION FOR 90 YEARS



## Here's the gift this Christmas, A Pocketful of Joy

*Tiny pocket-size radio sets bring you all the entertainment of the air waves. Two things helped make them possible... transistors and Mallory Mercury Batteries.*

**W**HEN YOU GIVE a miniature radio for Christmas it will recall your thoughtfulness for many Happy New Years. It will be a continuing source of joy wherever it is taken.

You can add extra thoughtfulness to your gift by being sure the radio is equipped with Mallory Mercury Batteries. These batteries—entirely different from the conventional type—compress incredible life in small space, last far longer in use or in storage, give steadier power, *actually cost less to operate!*

Mallory pioneered mercury batteries to provide complete dependability and exceptionally long life in midget size—for portable radio sets, pocket recorders, easily concealed hearing aids. Now, teamed with tiny transis-

tors, they have helped make possible many exciting new electronic products in miniature size.

The mercury battery is another Mallory first—a development so important that it has set new standards of quality for the dry battery industry. It is a notable addition to the precision products which have resulted from creative Mallory engineering in the fields of electronics, electrochemistry and specialized metallurgy.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Biochemochemical • Relays, Switches, Timing Devices, Vibrators  
 Electrochemical • Capacitors, Rectifiers, Mercury Batteries  
 Metallurgical • Contacts, Special Metals, Welding Materials

P. R. MALLORY & CO. Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

PRECISE AT THE OLYMPICS  
PRECISE ON YOUR WRIST



## Seamaster® the dependable fine watch for active men

Three exclusive features... Pressure-Fitted non-breakable Crystal, Hydro-Seal Back and Hermetic Crown... form an impregnable shield of armor that safeguards the Seamaster from every rigorous encounter. Omega accuracy standards have earned the coveted honor of timing the world's most highly contested athletic events... the International Olympic Games.

Self-winding, water, shock and dust-resistant. 18K gold raised hour-markers. Models in stainless steel and precious gold, from \$95 to \$400. Other fine Omega watches for men and women from \$75.50. Free tax incl. For nearest Omega jeweler phone Western Union, Operator 25. Write Omega, 655 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21 for free booklet "N."



Olympic Cross of Merit

**Ω**  
**OMEGA**  
OFFICIAL WATCH OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

## LETTERS

### Declaration of Independence

Sir:

President Eisenhower's Declaration of Independence on foreign policy [Nov. 12] appeals to me as the most profound expression of our generation for world peace. Granting the difficulties to be encountered before the dream can become a reality, here in the simplest, most direct language are expressed the basic principles on which any lasting world peace must rest.

A. EDWIN SHINHOLSER

Sanford, Fla.

Sir:

President Eisenhower's declaration does typify the Administration's policy of inertia in foreign affairs, which has prevailed too long. The President's faith in the U.N. is to be applauded, but his failure to adopt a progressive approach toward making it a more effective body is lamentable.

R. WAYNE

Montreal

Sir:

It seems that the U.S. is not aware of the danger of using "freedom" without restrictions, and all this is based on a mixture of emotional and naive attitudes of the American people. There is great danger that this overemphasis of "freedom" will bring more anarchy to many national peoples in Asia and Africa and broaden a vast field for Communist activities.

PAUL C. GOFFIN

Velm, Belgium

### Five Free Days

Sir:

I was not shocked by the Russian Communists' brutality in Hungary. Those of us who have had contact with them and their victims in Europe know full well the demonic barbarism that characterizes their actions. The thing that shocks and shames me is the inaction of the free world during Hungary's five free days. As soon as it was clear that it was a popular uprising against tyranny, and that travel was possible in the areas under the control of "the rebels" (actually Hungarian patriots), the U.N. should have sent in neutral teams (perhaps Swiss) with U.N. banners declaring every city, town and countryside neutral and free territory under the jurisdiction and protection of the U.N. at the request of the Nagy government. The defeat of Hungary is not only a defeat of a brave people but a defeat for the free world.

GENE MADEIRA

Guayaquil, Ecuador

Sir:

The U.N. is but a monstrous building—as useless as if it was an empty shell.

F. T. WENMAN

Kumasi, Gold Coast, B.W.A.

Sir:

Around the clock, Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America pipe words of encouragement to the people behind the Iron Curtain, urging them to throw off the yoke of Communism. But there was no action in Hungary. We stood idly by and watched heroes die. I cannot help believing that now these words, without our backing, were the cause of as many deaths in Hungary as that of Russian rifles. Will the people of the Communist satellites ever place their faith in us again?

(A/I/C) DAVID Z. PIPER

U.S.A.F.

c/o Postmaster

New York City

Sir:

Is there not a man living in the free world who is willing to lead a liberation army of "volunteers" into the satellites?

ESTHER RAWDEN

Meriden, Conn.

Sir:

At a moment when Soviet monsters were grinding out the sparks of freedom in mutilated Hungary, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas was smilingly shaking hands with the Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. at a celebration marking the anniversary of another occasion of Soviet brutality. Does that reflect favorably on the wisdom and judgment of a member of our most august and revered governmental institution?

WILLIAM G. ANDREWS

Ithaca, N.Y.

### Two-Way Canal

Sir:

Your articles on the Suez situation are the most lucid and the most courageous I have seen anywhere. When the news of the French-British-Israeli attack on Egypt first broke, I, who have always been an Anglophile, was enraged, and I was as disillusioned as though my best friend had betrayed me.

E. N. CLARK

Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

There is much criticism and condemnation, by individuals and our press, of the recent action of England in Egypt. Whether the act

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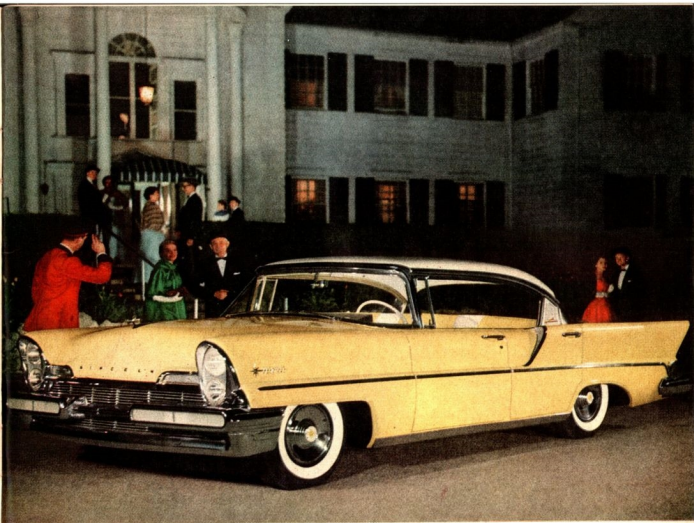
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# Presenting the dramatically new LINCOLN FOR 1957



## **Dramatic New Styling Everywhere!**

—You see it in the unmistakable newness of its Quadra-Lite Grille . . . in the dynamic sweep of its canted rear blades . . . in the crisp, clean flow of long low lines. Inside, rich fabrics . . . incredibly soft leathers . . . thrilling new decorator schemes contribute excitingly to Lincoln newness. Wherever you look, in fact, you will see that nothing has been overlooked to make this new Lincoln, truly, the finest in the fine car field.

## **Powerfully New Performance!—Out**

on the road, you'll quickly discover that this most powerful Lincoln of all time is also the most *effortless*. The new 300-hp Lincoln engine is the strong, "silent" type—and instantly responsive. New, fast-action Turbo-Drive transmission serves up this great new power promptly—and Lincoln's Hydra-Cushion suspension cradles you in gentle comfort. In traffic or on a turnpike, you just don't seem to mind the miles in a Lincoln.

**And more . . .** for in a Lincoln, everything you touch turns to power! Doors lock electrically. New power window vents open or close as you press a button. New 6-way power seat adjusts to the most comfortable angle at the touch of a finger. Why, you can even lubricate a Lincoln while you're driving—by touching a button. Lincoln's *complete* array of power luxuries brings a new kind of ease to fine car driving. Come see for yourself. *Unmistakably . . . the finest in the fine car field.*

Focus  
on the  
better  
Bourbon  
buy...



## DISCOVER THIS PROUD WHISKEY BY CANADA DRY...

priced so you can afford it! Whiskey drinkers of all tastes: May we ask your comparison of this delectable Kentucky bourbon with the brand of liquor you usually drink.

We guarantee its mild, magnificent taste... its drink-making VERSATILITY\*... its premium flavor. This superb, custom-distilled whiskey, is modest in cost, outstanding in quality.

You'll get the happy SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE when you savor Canada Dry Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey in your favorite drink. Compare it today and see.

America's Finest Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof • ©22 Easy to Make Bourbon Drink Recipes are yours Free. Write Dept. C, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



**More Good News from Canada Dry**  
Canada Dry London Dry Gin, 90 proof.  
Canada Dry Vodka—100% grain neutral spirits, 80 & 100 proof.



was right or wrong, do we critics always remember that the reasons why England believed she had to do what she did, are not all inside the British Isles? If the act was wrong, do we condemnners always remember that twice now Britain has held off the enemy and so given us time to realize at last that we could not buy our way through wars and would have to fight them? Could one reason for our criticism and condemnation be the fear that now even England can no longer afford us an opportunity not to have to fight?

WILLIAM FAULKNER

Oxford, Miss.

Sir:

I believe your views on the Middle East to be unrealistic and even naive. The intervention in the canal could have been handled better, but surely the petrol rationing that is taking place here and in Europe should convince even the most starry-eyed idealist that this waterway will be vital to Europe for at least the next ten years. It can never remain at the mercy of Nasser or any other purely national figure.

G. P. CHRISTIE

Bearsden, Scotland

Sir:

You've penetrated the dark and brought out the Anglo-French conspiracy. The conspirators stabbed not only Egypt but the English, French and, in fact, all the peoples of the world, which may yet touch off World War III.

A. R. S. PARBATIE

Caracas, Venezuela

Sir:

Your Nov. 12 article "The Conspiracy" was a masterpiece. Anybody who has ears to hear or eyes to see should now be in a position to correctly evaluate the nature of our two precious allies. Now, more than ever, it is time that the whole question of foreign aid should be drastically (even agonizingly, to quote Mr. Dulles) reappraised.

ALAN JOHNSEN

Wyomissing, Pa.

Sir:

When you see a pirate preparing to scuttle you, the obvious thing is to try to stop him in time. Eden glimpsed the Jolly Roger at Suez, and the enormous amount of Russian equipment already captured in the Middle East proved him right. Whether or not the evil day has been averted, it may possibly have been postponed.

H. S. GALLIMORE

Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Sir:

Don't stir up the mud. Help us on both sides of the Atlantic to see and think clearly. Sir, there is only one war: Christendom v. Communism. The present controversy in the Middle East is but one reflection of it. Every statement that blurs the issue is a blow for Communism. Confusion favors Moscow.

H. W. S. HARRISON

Holt, England

**Greatness or Recklessness?**

Sir:

Your Nov. 19 article on Sir Anthony Eden tries to demerit the greatest statesman and diplomat in the world. History will show who was great and who was so inept and so wanting. The latter will not be Sir Anthony.

A. ASSHETON-SMITH

Montreal

Sir:

Despite any good intentions for his country, Eden, via his appallingly reckless policies, has foisted upon an already troubled free

## COME NOW, KATE— WHAT'S IN A NAME?



A YOUNG LADY, whom we'll call Miss Katherine Christie\* of Williamsport, Pa., is disappointed in us.

The gist of the matter is this. Seems Miss Christie has smoked our original custom Parliament Cigarettes for many years. Recently, as many of you know, we changed the name of these marvelous cigarettes to Benson & Hedges. Not one to accept

such a change without a murmur, Miss C. took pen in hand and sent us a sizzler.

"Why, oh why," writes Kate, "did you change the name? It was a good name, a fine name, a most suitable name. Give it back!"

We are sorry, Miss Christie, but we simply can't. You see, the wonders of modern machinery have made it possible for us to produce a new, quality Parliament that sells for only a penny or two more than regular filters.

However, since we realized that many loyalists like yourself still prefer the original custom cigarette, we decided to continue making it, too, in both regular and king sizes. And we voted to give it our very own name, Benson & Hedges.

In every way—from superb tobaccos to exclusive filter mouthpiece—Benson & Hedges is the exact same cigarette as the custom Parliament. Even the colors and design of the "cigarette case" box have been retained. Only the name has been changed.

And really, Miss Christie, it, too, is a good name, a most fitting name. The fine old name of a company that has sponsored Parliament for years. Patience, Kate. It will grow on you.

## Benson & Hedges

CIGARETTES

King Size and Regular



\*Original letter in the confidential files of Benson & Hedges.





## Masculine Gifts for Men!



**BARBER SHOP QUARTETTE:** A touch of nostalgia brightens this gay-nineties barber shop window. Contains Spiced Shave Lotion, Talc, Men's Cologne and Hairroom. Just \$2.



**HEATHER SHAVE SET:** The perfect pair to guarantee after-shave, after-shower comfort...cooling, refreshing Seaforth Heather Lotion and men's Cologne. Just \$2.

## Inspired by Scotland's finest regiment... the Seaforth Highlanders

This Christmas give him the most masculine gift of all—by Seaforth!...grooming aids of superb quality in the most distinctive packages you've ever seen. Look for them at your favorite store.

# Seaforth!

Good grooming aids inspired by Scotland's finest regiment...the Seaforth Highlanders



world another onerous, odious potpourri of perplexities, anxieties, and fears.

HOWARD BRUCE HENDRICKS

Lansdale, Pa.

Sir:

The bully of the colored races, Britain, once again has had her own way, but will she be able to pick up the pieces this time?

J. M. GREENE

Melbourne, Australia

Sir:

Hitler and Benito passed to history with the tag "war criminals." What is the name for these two fools—Mollet and Eden—who set the world on fire?

M. MEJÍA

San Francisco

## Post Mortem

Sir:

Ike won the popularity contest, but the Democrats were judged by the electorate to be the party entrusted with the administration of the Government as is evidenced by the Democratic majority in both houses.

LEWIS W. MORGAN

Alton, Ill.

Sir:

Concerning those extra TIME election-issue covers: I should think they would make collectors' items, that I, for one, would like to collect.

WILLIAM J. MCCAULEY

Kearny, N.J.

Sir:

Now let us say "Goodbye, Mr. Quips."

ED DREWS

Los Angeles

## A Certain Charm

Sir:

Regarding the mural paintings I designed and executed for Johns Hopkins University: Your Nov. 26 article is good; it has wit and a certain charm in proving that a work of art can be approached without verbiage. The artist who accepts a commission to paint monumental works for a public building assumes a responsibility not only as a creative artist, but as an interpretive artist, because it is his job to communicate to the best of his ability what the building stands for.

LEON KROLL

New York City

## Testaments & TV

Sir:

Not long ago, a movie queen shocked even the goddess with her "God is a living doll." Now, a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church comes out with, "Television is a blessing . . . Radio is like the Old Testament . . . television is like the New Testament, [both] being the most spiritual symbols of truth," etc. What trash coming from the spiritual guide of millions of faithful! Let Hollywood be the heaven for this television star.

H. COCHABAMBA

Clemson, S.C.

## Fraternity, but Not Equality

Sir:

Regarding Northwestern University's chapter of Psi Upsilon and the depledged freshman, Sherman Wu [Nov. 12]: As an American and an N.U. graduate, I am outraged at the arrogance of Psi U and at the university for allowing such a disgrace to occur.

JEAN H. CARROLL

Sandusky, Ohio

Sir:

Noted with interest the depledging of a Chinese student at Northwestern University



**AT 83** THOMAS A. EDISON made pioneering studies on the production of synthetic rubber.



**AT 79** PADEREWSKI was still a master of the piano, giving concerts before large audiences.



**AT 83** ALFRED TENNYSON published one of his most memorable poems, *Crossing the Bar*.



**AT 78** BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was ambassador to France; wrote his autobiography after 80.

## Will your later years be ones of achievement and contentment?

**I**F YOU THINK about the many contributions which older people have made to the world . . . you realize how rewarding life's later years can be.

Today, more people than ever are proving that the years beyond 65 are not years to be *idly spent* . . . they are years to be *actively enjoyed*!

If you want your later years to be healthy, happy, active ones . . . and who does not? . . . here are some important things which you should begin to do *now*:

**1. Adopt the right outlook on aging.** Do not worry about old age. Worry will not delay it; more likely this will hasten it. Face up squarely to the problems of aging . . . and plan your life so you can meet future challenges.

**2. Broaden your horizons as you grow older.** "Mental adventure," whether it be in absorbing hobbies or in activities devoted to helping others, will stand you in good stead during your leisure years. "To learn what is new is to remain young."

**3. Take stock of your health.** Complete medical check-ups annually after you are 35 or 40 can help assure you a healthier life in your later years. Not the least of the benefits which you will get from regular visits to your doctor is medical advice about what you should and should not do as you get along in years.

You may have slipped into some bad health habits unknowingly . . . like over-eating or not eating enough of the protective foods . . . or not getting enough exercise and sleep. These may seem like small matters to you . . . *but good living habits pay off, and you cannot start them too early.*

Look at the older people around you who have mastered the art of growing old gracefully. Find out what they have done to achieve health and happiness in the sunset years. You may learn a lot that will help you. Indeed, you may live to echo the sentiments of an 80-year-old man who said, "I'm not 80. I'm just 4 times 20!"

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## EMERSON Tubeless Transistor Pocket Radio

Year 'round pleasure without changing batteries



It's an ideal gift! This amazing radio fits inside the palm of your hand, yet gives you rich, clean "big set" tone. Carry it with you everywhere in your pocket or purse. 6-transistor pocket radio weighs about a pound. Available in "Nevabreak" case in a variety of smart colors, \$58.

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creator of portable electronic miracles

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Makers of Television, Radios, Phonographs, Air Conditioners. \*Reg. Pat. Off.



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She insists on SERVICE...

She INSISTS on

**TCA VISCOUNT to CANADA**

Fly TCA Viscount to Canada for a thrilling glimpse of tomorrow's air travel... swift, quiet, amazingly vibration-free. Viscount service to Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa from New York, Chicago,

Detroit-Windsor... other services soon. In Canada, Viscount service westward to Vancouver. Other TCA services from Boston, Cleveland, Seattle-Tacoma, Tampa-St. Petersburg.

The airline that brought turbo-prop flying to America



**TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES**

TCA Offices in Boston, New York, Cleveland, Detroit/Windsor, Chicago, Seattle/Tacoma, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Los Angeles

[Nov. 12]. Thought you would be interested in the pledging of a Chinese-American student at Mississippi State College for Women. Now what does prejudice have to do with geography?

CARLETON ANDERSON

Jackson, Miss.

Sir:

The Psi Upsilon Fraternity has shamed its university and disgraced its country before the whole world.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Corona, Calif.

Castle & Coops

Sir:

Architect Eero Saarinen's description of the castle at Brandeis University as "Mexican Ivanhoe" [Nov. 19] reminds me of



BRANDEIS' CASTLE

Sinclair Lewis' equally unkind characterization of modernist structures as "glass-fronted hen-houses." The castle (*see cut*) was designed by my father, Dr. John Hall Smith, founder of Middlesex University, to house the classrooms and laboratories of its School of Medicine. More befitting the medieval grandeur of our castle are the lines of Wordsworth:

*And this huge castle, standing here sublime  
I love to see the love to which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and  
trampling waves.*

C. RUGGLES SMITH

Director of Admissions  
Brandeis University  
Waltham, Mass.

Writers' Camp

Sir:

That "struggling boys' camp" run by Mrs. Lowney Handy [Nov. 12] should be burned to the ground and all the books by both Gerald Tesh and James Jones thrown in for good measure.

A. ARTHUR FARBER

Hartford, Conn.

SIR:

THANK YOU FOR THE BRIEF AND SUBTLE REVIEW OF MY BOOK. NEXT FALL YOU WILL RECEIVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO RIP BOOK TWO APART BY A BORN-BAD WRITER.

GERALD TESH

TAMPA, FLA.



Notice  
the White  
Dot?

Everyone  
does!

There's a subtle bit of magic  
that goes to work on Sheaffer  
White Dot owners.

First, perhaps, the feeling that all  
eyes see, recognize, and respect  
the familiar symbol of quality.

And then, as you use your  
Sheaffer Snorkel Pen, you sense  
a companionship. It feels like  
you, it writes like you, it shares  
your very thoughts.

Another nice thing about  
Sheaffer's White Dot Pen. It's one  
of life's luxuries you can well  
afford to give . . . even to yourself.

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1. NEWEST AUTOMATIC DRIVE OF ALL



2. PERFORMANCE REACHES NEW HIGHS



3. COMMAND POST CONTROL PANEL



4. LOOKS LONGER . . . AND IT IS!



5. HEADLIGHT-HOOD AIR INTAKES



6. NEW SIZE WHEELS AND TIRES



7. DARING NEW FRONT END DESIGN



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Here's a smart idea—ventilation air intakes cap the headlights for a new note in styling. And it's clean high-level air, too.

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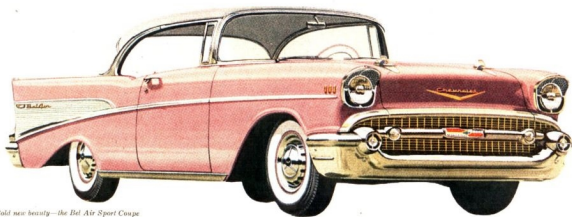
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## THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## PUBLISHER'S LETTER



Dear TIME-Reader:

HUNGARY'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM (96 pp.)  
The Editors of LIFE—Time Inc. (50¢).

WHEN the Hungarians first rose in courageous revolt, their Communist government quickly cut communications with the outside world. But Western newsmen were soon shuttling across the Austro-Hungarian border. Their first piecemeal reports came back in fragments as staccato as burp-gun bursts, and first photographs could give only scattered glimpses of the struggle. This week the editors of LIFE present a report in detail and depth of the critical period of the revolution in a book called *Hungary's Fight for Freedom*, compiled from on-the-spot reports by TIME and LIFE correspondents and other news sources, and from a worldwide collection of photographs.

The book is now on sale at newsstands throughout the U.S. Copies also may be obtained by writing directly to LIFE Magazine, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. All profits from the book (produced at cost by R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., Chicago printers for TIME and LIFE) will be donated to Hungarian relief funds.

*Hungary's Fight for Freedom* includes eyewitness accounts of the fighting by LIFE Correspondent Tim Foote, who was wounded in the Budapest fighting, by French Photographer John Sadovy, whose eloquent pictorial report for LIFE was reprinted in newspapers around the world, and by an unidentified Hungarian rebel.

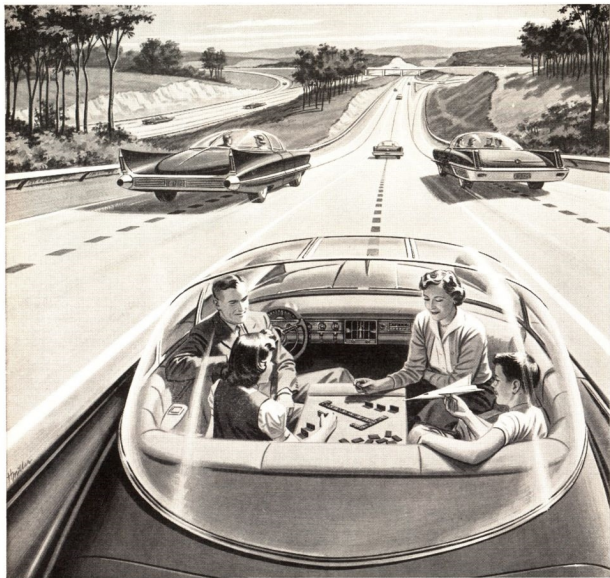
Wrote Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce in the foreword: "This book is a tribute to the Hungarian dead, to whom we owe our pity, our pride and our praise. But this book is also a salute to the ways men find—ways routine and ways heroic—to tell each other the story of great deeds and their meaning. So it is always with the story of freedom."

*Cordially yours,*

James A. Linen

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You will need and have much more electricity than you have today. Right now America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building to have twice as much electricity

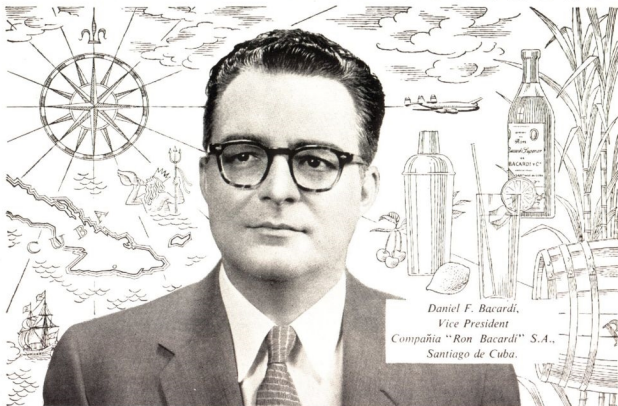
for you by 1967. These companies can have this power ready when you need it because they don't have to wait for an act of Congress—or for a cent of tax money—to build the plants.

The same experience, imagination and enterprise that electrified the nation in a single lifetime are at work shaping your electric future. That's why in the years to come, as in the past, you will benefit *most* when you are served by independent companies like the ones bringing you this message—*America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.\*

\*Company names on request through this magazine



PEOPLE OF SOUND JUDGMENT



Daniel F. Bacardi,  
Vice President  
Compañía "Ron Bacardi" S.A.,  
Santiago de Cuba.

## He's great shakes in the rum business!

He's devoted to rum. His vocation is rum. Naturally He bears "the great name in rum", Bacardi. The rum with the law squarely behind it. Back in 1936, a New York court ruled that a Bacardi cocktail must be made with Bacardi. At that time, Daniel Bacardi was more familiar with water; he was a member of the swimming team of the University of Virginia. But it wasn't long before he was called by the century-old Bacardi distilleries who needed the Bacardi of the present generation. He went to the top the hard way. He entered the Export Department as a clerk. Salary \$ 45 per month. Authority: none. It worked because he worked. He dashed through Sales; came out boss.

Now, at 45, he is vice president and Number One in executive echelon. He still likes water. For a change of scene and for fishing, he lives in a spacious mountain lodge in the Sierra Maestra range not too far from his business HQ in Santiago de Cuba. Its 20 bedrooms are none too many for the family and domestic staff - Daniel and his graceful Graciella Bravo de Bacardi have nine children.

On hunting trips, Daniel flies his own plane, a Hawker named "Rum Customer." But like his product Mr. Bacardi circles the globe. And then he uses KLM. Because travel by KLM is like Bacardi rum in a cocktail - smooth, effective ... a most enjoyable experience!



All over the world people of sound judgment fly KLM



This is Videorama—the world's finest television—with new Stereosonic Sound created by dual-channel amplifiers and four high fidelity speakers. Here are living pictures that bring a new dimension to your television entertainment.

# Magnavox

Magnavox—the magnificent gift for all the family—brings to television the same matchless quality that goes into the world's finest high fidelity instruments. This excellence gives every program a special value for your family—the look and the sound of life. Choose from many fine furniture styles and finishes of mahogany, oak and cherry. Prices are as low as \$139.90 (VHF). It costs less to buy a

Magnavox; it costs less to own one, for only Magnavox is so outstanding in quality and dependability that you get a full year's Gold Seal Warranty on all parts and tubes, plus 90 days' guaranteed service by skilled specialists—all included in the price of Gold Seal models. It's worth finding the name of your Magnavox dealer in the yellow pages of your phone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.



A style for every setting, a model for every need. 1. **The Telerama 21"**—table model with matching base. 2. **The Manhattan 21"**—traditional console. 3. **The Metropolitan 21"**—three-speaker high fidelity television. 4. **The Cosmopolitan 24"**—luxury high fidelity television. 5. **The Normandy 24"**—handsome Provincial console, high fidelity sight and sound. All tube sizes listed are diagonal measure.

the magnificent  
**Magnavox**  
high fidelity television

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Together & Stronger

Just 15 days out of the hospital after his operation for cancer, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles flew north from his Key West convalescence this week to confer with President Eisenhower in Augusta, Ga. Dulles was doggedly determined to fly to this week's meeting of the NATO Council in Paris to help repair the damaged Atlantic alliance and re-shape it for the long days ahead. Together in Augusta\* the President and Dulles set the strategy: there would be no international slugging match on the rights and wrongs of Suez; there would be a new U.S. move, muffled over by the State Department all summer, to work toward a stronger political and economic base for NATO.

"Recent events have created some strain between members of the NATO," said Dulles after the conference, "and the coming council meeting affords an opportunity to rebuild a unity and strength. The need for this has been tragically demonstrated by Soviet action in Eastern Europe, particularly in Hungary. There is compelling reason to make the NATO within the area of its particular concern a stronger and more effective body. Thereby it can more surely achieve the treaty's proclaimed goal of safeguarding the freedom, common heritage and civilization of the North Atlantic peoples." As for the specific dangers of the Middle Eastern crisis, Dulles spoke just as hopefully and carefully: "Certainly anyone must indeed be far gone in pessimism if he thinks the dangers of war are as great today as a month ago."

Even as the President and Dulles conferred, the Atlantic alliance was showing a healthier glow. To help the glow the President last week:

☐ Activated an emergency U.S. plan to send 675,000 bbls. of Western Hemisphere oil to Europe every day (see below), in response to the British-French decision to withdraw troops from Suez.

☐ Proclaimed his faith in NATO as "a basic and indispensable element of American defense alliance against the continuing Soviet Communist threat."

☐ Assured U.S. support for Britain's Mos-

lem allies of the Baghdad Pact—Iraq, Iran, Turkey and Pakistan—in the event of any foreign attack.

☐ Warned pro-Communist Syria, an opponent of the Baghdad Pact, that the U.S. viewed its imports of Russian arms and equipment with grave concern.

Beyond these specifics, both London and Paris seemed to understand that the U.S. intends to interest and involve itself in the Middle East to help get a long-range settlement; and the U.S. was fully conscious of the continuing British and French economic connections with the area. Thus the road was made clear for new moves towards a stronger NATO—based on a new reality.

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### The Oil Flows

Out to the Sun Oil Co.'s 30,000-ton supertanker *Eastern Sun* off the coast of South Africa crackled a radio message from home: instead of heading for company docks at Marcus Hook, Pa., unload cargo of 220,000 bbls. of crude oil in "the United Kingdom area." The same oil-to-Europe word was flashed out to dozens of other tankers all over the Atlantic and Indian Oceans last week. In Washington the U.S. moved to ease Western Europe's

oil shortage brought about by the blocking of the Suez Canal.

The oil-relief plan had been prepared well in advance of its announcement. Representatives of 15 U.S. oil companies, who had formed the Middle East Emergency Committee, immediately began coordinating tanker movements and planning a big increase in Western Hemisphere crude-oil production. The objective: to ship an extra 675,000 bbls. of oil a day to hard-up Western Europe. With federal antitrust restrictions waived in effect for the crisis, oilmen set their sights on re-adjusting world oil routes to make up between 75% and 80% of Western Europe's daily needs of 2,200,000 bbls.

Beyond the Western Hemisphere's contribution, the Europeans can still count on—for the moment, at least—some 325,000 bbls. a day pumped by tapline through Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean. And they will still get some 800,000 bbls. a day around the Cape of Good Hope—including perhaps as much as 350,000 bbls. normally bound from the Middle East to the U.S. East Coast (a deficit that the U.S. will make up in routing more oil from the Gulf Coast to the Atlantic seaboard).

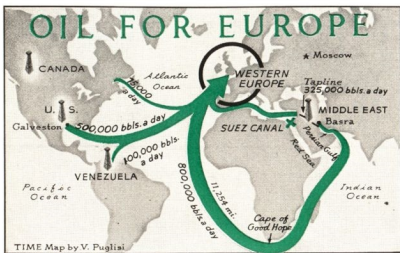
With the emergency plan now under way, the major long-term oil problems



Associated Press

DULLES & THE EISENHOWERS IN AUGUSTA  
After stress and strain, the alliance was convalescing.

\* Where a semi-vacationing Ike kept in touch with Washington through a two-place switchboard, a bank of chattering Teletypes, a roomful of closely guarded cryptographic equipment for coding and decoding, and a daily courier plane. He also played 18 holes of golf a day.



are: 1) the world shortage of tankers and 2) Europe's shortage of dollars to pay for the Western Hemisphere oil. The U.S.'s Office of Defense Mobilization is at work readying 18 maritime tankers, eight T-2 tankers and 13 navy oilers, and shipyards are booming with orders for new super-tankers. For the present, defense mobilizers say that Europe will have to pay dollars for the oil, but for the long pull ways could be found to advance financial aid so that Europe's industry can keep rolling and the NATO area remain viable. Most hopeful prospect: the Administration is planning to channel most Western Hemisphere oil through the 17-nation Organization for European Economic Cooperation. Thus, while handling the short-term emergency, the U.S. is helping to advance the long-term concept of an economically integrated Western Europe.

### This Is London!

In the old World War II headquarters of the Supreme Commander Allied Expeditionary Forces in Bushey Park, England—it is now a schoolroom—a plaque was unveiled one day last week that read: "A great man passed this way in defense of freedom. He showed the capacity for making great nations march together more truly united than ever before." Elsewhere in Britain, however, Dwight D. Eisenhower and his countrymen were having an unusually rough time of it. The stately Times feared "a Britain united in anti-Americanism—and there is a growing danger of this . . ." The less stately Sunday Times talked of "the present rigorously anti-British policies of President Eisenhower," and added: "A belief is spreading that American policy is controlled by the oil lobby." The Daily Mail's cartoonist depicted Ike skulking away from a wall upon which he had scrawled BRITISH GO HOME!

Heading the parade, Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday Express opened its columns to an anti-U.S. Laborite M.P., who wrote: "America is using Suez to do to Britain what Russia is doing to Hungary . . .

The role assigned to us by Mr. Dulles is no more than that of a satellite."

**Overt & Covert.** Much of the uproar, as the U.S. duly noted and compensated for, was due to the fact that the politicians caught in the bloody drangle of Suez needed a scapegoat. Much of it reflected a last wild try to wreak a change in the U.S.'s stand against British-French-Israeli aggression in Suez. "If we all get hot enough under the collar," said the *Daily Sketch*, "the warmth of the conflict may perhaps penetrate the icy coldness and hostility in Washington."

Much more subtly, the Foreign Office stylists reflected the same line as they maneuvered overtly and covertly around the world. In Manhattan, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd held confidential briefings for selected British, European and U.S. diplomatic correspondents (periodicals critical of the Suez policy, such as the *Economist* and the *Observer*, were not invited), in which he suggested that 1) the U.S. appeared to be willing to throw down the British alliance for the Arab-Asians; 2) British diplomats were having trouble getting to see U.S. diplomats, 3) the U.S. was threatening the British economy by not sending over U.S. oil until the British announced plans to quit Suez.

**Willing Scapegoat.** In Washington, British Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia had a confidential dinner with selected Washington pundits at the home of the Washington Post and Times Herald's Chalmers Roberts. There he confidentially criticized Dulles, explained that if Britain had not consulted the U.S. about the invasion of Egypt, Dulles had not consulted Britain on canceling the offer to build Egypt's Aswan High Dam. (The facts: Britain got one day's advance warning that the U.S. was considering cancellation; in any event, Britain had long been urging the U.S. to get tough with Nasser.) And in London last week nobody was more surprised than New York Herald Tribune Correspondent Don Cook when the Foreign Office's august Permanent Undersecretary, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, whisked

him aside during a party to propound that unless the U.S. went along with the British on Suez, the Eden government would fall, and there would have to be elections in January; the implication was that anti-Americans of the right or left would pick up more power.

Actually, Washington did not object too much to being the scapegoat if that would help solve the crisis. By week's end the uproar, beneath its superficial abusiveness, was in fact creating fresh evidence that the character and vitality of the U.S.'s No. 1 ally was plainly not moribund. Many thoughtful Britons, in debating the crisis internally, had reasoned their way through the confusion to a new understanding of Britain's basic instincts for law and order. And in doing so they were once again in tune with that once-honored Freeman of the City of London, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who before heading south to Augusta last week, gave evidence that he was very much still in tune with them. "I am determined that with this out of the way," said Ike, meaning Suez, "our friendships are going to be stronger than ever if I can bring it about."

### "The Huge Credit"

Amid the anti-American shellbursts of the crisis, the London Times's influential Editor Sir William Haley reported to his readers on a recent tour of the U.S.: "It is easy to be superior about American brashness and naivety, to be scornful of material progress as a purpose; to picture a whole continent slowly being moulded to the ideals of Hollywood," he wrote. "These things are only the surface froth that gets whipped about by the winds of publicity. Underneath there is the great solid sea of an American nation as simple in its aspirations, as traditional in its virtues, as conscious of its high destiny as any there has ever been in the old world."



BRITAIN'S HALEY

"Dynamic, humorous, generous people."



Sir William then paid the traditional respects of the sensitive traveler to the breathtaking scope of U.S. farming, the "defiant pinnacles" of its cities, the eagerness of its university students. He concluded: "Here is a people rather baffled, but a people resolved to know; a people faced, as it seems to them, with a whole globe needing to be set to rights, but determined, either with or without it, to get things done."

"Of all nations, its history has a higher proportion of greatness than of baseness; of all peoples its motives are the least suspect. Its errors have been, and are, many. Its instincts have been, and are, magnificently right. We see the small debits from day to day. Let us look rather at the huge credit through the years. Amidst all the dangers that beset us, we can be thankful that it is to this dynamic, humorous, impatient, impulsive, generous people there has passed the leadership of the world."

## IMMIGRATION

### Help from the Heart

In rallies at Yale and U.C.L.A. and the University of North Carolina, U.S. students cheered Hungary's freedom fighters. In New York City office girls paraded to raise contributions for Hungarian relief. Pittsburgh bakers tried to find out how to send a team to bake bread for refugees in Vienna. New York's Chas. Pfizer & Co. donated \$200,000 worth of antibiotics, flown free to Vienna by Pan American World Airways. The Penn-Texas Corp. (which owns Hallicrafters, Colt's, Pennsylvania Coal and Coke, etc.) led a host of U.S. business firms by offering jobs, training and housing to 1,000 refugees. Across the U.S., more than 50 relief organizations went their separate ways collecting money, clothes and offers of help to Hungarians.

At the U.S. Army's bleak entry point at Camp Kilmer, N.J., six federal agencies and seven private volunteer organizations tumbled over one another in processing the 1,004 Hungarians who had already arrived there. Neighboring householders wandered casually in to see if some Hungarian might like a home-cooked meal. It was all very distressing to the epicures of by-the-numbers bureaucracy. AMERICA BUNGLES AID TO HUNGARIANS, cried the Scripps-Howard newspapers. "The heart is there, but the organization is lacking . . . It is a classic case of too many cooks."

**Magic Word.** Organization was lacking, all right, but bungling was the wrong word for it. The U.S., 4,000 miles from Hungary, bound by strict immigration laws, confronted by a refugee tide whose swell no one could have foreseen, was straining hard to be of human help in the crisis. Its effort came from the heart—and in its spontaneity lay strength, not weakness.

When Hungary flared into revolution, help could not wait on bureaucratic processes. It had to come fast, and if it had not come makeshift, it might not have

come at all. Within a week of the outbreak of street fighting in Budapest, the International Rescue Committee (founded in 1935 to help refugees from Nazi Germany) sent its president, Angier Biddle Duke, and chairman, Leo Cherne, to Europe with 15,000 units of terramycin. In Vienna Cherne and another I.R.C. associate loaded a battered Chevrolet with clothing, drugs—and 30 loaves of bread. Pushing through to Budapest, they were stopped more than 20 times, once by a pair of Russian tanks, more often by rebel fighters. What got them through to the rubble-strewn city where lighted candles cast an eerie glow in the darkness? A Red Cross flag and an unofficial password: America.

**Momentous Victory.** Now, I.R.C. is one of about six U.S. agencies in Austria setting up tents on the border where bone-weary refugees can eat and change wet clothes, transporting them to Vienna in hired buses and helping them through the

**Orderly Action.** Help from the heart had paid only part of that debt. Now it was time for more orderly action. Last week President Eisenhower appointed Tracy S. Voorhees, 66, a veteran troubleshooter, former (1949-50) Under Secretary of the Army and onetime U.S. Food Administrator for Occupied Areas, as his personal representative to coordinate work in resettling the Hungarian refugees. Then (after proclaiming a new \$5,000,000 Red Cross Hungarian relief drive) the President boosted the number of refugees to be admitted to the U.S. from 5,000 to 21,500.\*

## THE ECONOMY

### Red Line of Danger

Never in its history was the U.S. so prosperous. Gross national product, personal income (before and after taxes), nonfarm employment and average take-home pay of factory workers were all at



Harry Wobser

REFUGEES PROCESSING AT THE U.S. CONSULATE IN VIENNA  
In blackest Budapest, the unofficial password was "America."

tangles of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act at the U.S. consulate. There, with a helping hand from U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson and his embassy staff, augmented by Foreign Service men from Washington and nearby European posts, the consular crew worked around the clock to speed the refugees through.

Most Americans agreed that this was the least they could do for the men and women who came with little but walked with a determined air. "They came not because they were defeated," said I.R.C. Board Member William Vanden Heuvel, as he flew home last week from Vienna. "They are not poor, fearful, tired people, but people who still believe in a free Hungary to come." Then he added: "These are people who have won a victory, the most momentous victory since World War II. It is we who owe them a debt."

record peaks. But in and out of this good news ran the red line of danger: between September and October, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported last week, the Consumer Price Index (1947-49: 100) jumped 0.5% to hit an alltime high of 117.7. The rise, the seventh in eight months, meant that the cost of living is now 2.4% dearer than a year ago. Main reason for the October jump: higher price tags on the new cars.

For the Administration, which boasted repeatedly during the presidential cam-

\* Of the 21,500, only 6,500 can receive visas under the Refugee Relief Act; the rest will be admitted under a clause of the McCarran-Walter Act that authorizes the admission of "parolees" with no permanent status. It is gambling that Congress, when it convenes, will pass special legislation to grant permanent entry to the parolees.

## FOR LABOR: ONE TO GROW ON

*On the first birthday of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger, one of the U.S.'s top labor reporters, New York Timesman A. H. Raskin, gave the "brawling infant" one to grow on in the Times's Sunday Magazine. Excerpts:*

UNION leaders still talk to their members in depression-born slogans that sound as incongruous in our full-employment economy as a campaign to make "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" the national anthem. In the union lexicon, the term "Big Business" remains shorthand for everything that is evil. Yet the most substantial victories won by unions at the bargaining table have come from the giants of industry. It was the United States Steel Corp. that gave unionism a bloodless foothold in the mass production industries 20 years ago. It was Ford and General Motors that capitulated to the "guaranteed annual wage."

At every intermediate period since the New Deal, unions have relied on "Big Business" to set the pattern of labor gains. The result of cordial day-to-day relations over a long period is a dichotomy that translates out something like this: All "Big Business" is bad except the particular "Big Business" we happen to deal with. Coal producers have been at such pains to be on friendly terms with the United Mine Workers' John L. Lewis that their principal concern in selecting a bargaining representative was to find a man of whom Lewis would approve. This represents the ultimate extension of the historic principle of the Wagner Act that workers have a right to be represented in collective bargaining by unions of their own choosing. Now the workers not only pick their own bargaining representative, but, in effect, pick the employers' bargaining representative as well.

**Closing the Gap.** Estrangement between the union's officials and its rank-and-file becomes especially hard to overcome in the mammoth organizations that bargain for hundreds of thousands of members. It is virtually impossible to make the individual feel that he has a real voice in establishing the wages or conditions under which he works. The increasing popularity of long-term contracts is bound to make this sense of detachment even more pervasive. All this points up the need for improved channels of communication between union leaders and members, plus a broadening of union functions in education, recreation, civic affairs and other fields that will bind the rank-and-file closer to the organization in periods when there are no new contracts to get excited about.

But this is not the only area in which union communications falter to the detriment of their long-range security and their acceptance as a mainstay of our free enterprise economy. At the same time that they repair their relations with their members, unions

must do a more consistent job of demonstrating to the public that their goal is to go forward with the total community, and not to win gains at the expense of the community. Nowhere is this task more urgent than in the field of inflation control. Unfortunately, in the minds of many who have been worst hit by the cheapening of the money supply, most of the blame belongs to the unions.

**Built-In Protection.** According to these critics, prices soar every time unions get more money for their members, and that is what sparks inflation. The guilt of unions, in this view, is heightened by the inclusion in many contracts of clauses that shield the union members against any loss of purchasing power when prices go up. Not only do these escalator provisions give built-in protection against the inflation the unions are accused of starting, but they contribute to further inflation by raising production costs and pumping more money into circulation.

If all this were an accurate appraisal of the causes of inflation, unions would clearly belong in the category of anti-social institutions. But the sharp rise that has taken place in the standard of living of all Americans in the years in which unions have been coming to power makes it plain that the factors that touch off inflation are a good deal more complex than the explanations of those who say it is all the fault of higher wages.

The fact is that in most major negotiations the union comes in with a comprehensive economic brief, intended to prove that its members can get substantial improvements in wages and "fringe" benefits without forcing higher prices or depriving the company of a fair profit. Unhappily for the consumer, the union is too often content to confine this proof to the privacy of the bargaining chamber. Once the employer has signed a mutually acceptable wage settlement, the union is likely to lose interest in what happens to prices.

**The Job Ahead.** Unions exist, and will continue to exist, primarily to guard and extend the economic welfare of their members. But in our interrelated economy, no bread-and-butter function can be divorced from the larger considerations of the body politic. To win its battles, and even better, to avoid the necessity of fighting them, labor will have to learn to speak to its own rank and file in terms that make more sense than some of the moth-eaten maxims of today. And it will have to convince the rest of America that labor really means it when it says unionists are citizens first.

paign that it had brought economic stability, the new rise was a jolt. The Federal Reserve Board—with its latter-day independence guaranteed by the White House—has tried to put a brake on inflation by "tight money" policies; i.e., by making credit increasingly expensive, it hoped to restrain excessive business investment. But the new cost-of-living rise seemed to defy such measures. Reason: at the root of the rise are the succeeding wage increases won by union members in the past year—increases which have not been compensated for by higher productivity, but which have resulted in higher manufacturer prices (up 7% since mid-1955). The prospect ahead: more of the same.

How to stop the wage-price spiral wrinkled many a Washington brow last week. One possibility which the Administration shudders to think about: a national policy limiting wage increases to those justifiable by rising living costs and improvements in actual output. Best bet: an all-out effort to warn big labor and management of the dangers of unrestricted wage-price increases. Said Dr. Raymond Saulnier, new chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "Federal monetary and fiscal policies cannot solve the [inflation] problem, though they can do much. We will also require the efforts of both business and labor to exercise moderation. There will have to be real wisdom in the making of wage settlements and in the fixing of price policies by our business concerns."

### More Money for Housing

An unhappy victim of the Federal Reserve's "tight money" policy has been the housebuilding industry. The banks, with more borrowers than money available, have looked down their noses at Government-backed mortgage loans with their relatively low (4½%) yields in favor of higher returns in other fields. Result: a drop in new housing starts from 1,329,000 in 1955 to the current rate of 1,100,000 a year. Last week, to sweeten up such loans for the bankers—and thus make more funds available to home builders—the Government raised the interest rate on new FHA-backed mortgage loans to 5%. The order did not affect Veterans Administration mortgages—still fixed by law at 4½%—but the Administration is expected to ask Congress in January to bring the VA rate into line. Said one Government official: "People in America want to buy homes, and this will assist them to get the financing they need."

### Upturn on the Farms

If prices were going up, so, happily, was the farmer's income. After four years in the fever-land of falling income—in part induced by price-depressing surpluses—the farmer has reached a turning point. His condition is better and his prospects are good, reported Department of Agriculture economists last week. Realized net farm income is up 4% over 1955 and should rise an additional percentage point next year.

Why the upturn? A "decisive" factor,

explained Agriculture's Economist Frederick V. Waugh, was "government programs," e.g., the Administration-sponsored soil bank, which last September began to pay farmers to withdraw 12 million acres from production and put them to soil-conserving measures. The figures bore him out: of the 1956 rise—\$400 million over last year's \$11.3 billion—some \$250 million is from soil-bank payments. Next year, when up to 45 million acres are to be set aside, the payments will be that much higher, and so should be the cut in the surplus. The hope: by 1958-60 the surplus-reducing soil-bank program, besides raising farmer income, should have a strong bolstering effect on prices by more nearly balancing supply and demand.

## OKLAHOMA Systematized Hypocrisy

In Tulsa last week tinsel decorations stretched across the main streets, and in Oklahoma City shoppers shivered against the cold. Outside the cities and towns, over stick-straight highways and the winding side roads, fast automobiles and trucks sped on late-night runs from close-to-the-border cities in Missouri and Texas. Artfully dodging police prowling cars, they slipped into Tulsa and Oklahoma City bringing bootlegged Scotch at \$7 a fifth, vodka at \$5.50 and gin at \$5. Admiring the tinsel, feeling the cold, buying the whisky (in gift decanters), Oklahomans knew that the Christmas season was in full swing.

Last (with Mississippi) of the dry states, Oklahoma is a stronghold of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the United Drys. The state was dry when it entered the union in 1907, and has remained militantly dry since; six repeal referendums have been defeated (as much through the bootleggers' efforts as the W.C.T.U.'s). Today there are no open saloons, but a \$100 million-a-year bootleg business will supply 400 varieties of liquor at reasonable prices to anyone who wants them. On the other hand, the state loses \$15 million each year in tax revenues, industries refuse to locate in Oklahoma because they think employees will be discontented, and small wars are erupting between bootleggers. e.g., three Oklahoma City boots were arrested last week, charged with a badly botched conspiracy to kill four competitors. Surveying the situation, Tulsa *Tribune* Editor Jenkin Lloyd Jones concluded: "What we have is a system of gigantic hypocrisy."

**The Pint Pitcher.** Feeding on the hypocrisy are the bootleggers, who buy federal retail liquor tax stamps (420 of them this year) to keep in federal good graces, but who openly defy the state. The bootleggers buy whisky wholesale in such outlets as Joplin, Mo., or Dallas, have the cases broken down into "lugs" (packages) of three fifths or six pints each for easier handling, load the lugs into stock cars with heavy-duty rear springs (so the cops cannot detect any telltale sag). They use whatever they believe is the fastest new car available

(Oldsmobiles this year in preference to their longtime favorite, Mercurys), or fit used cars with Cadillac engines. Some still prefer the old technique of concealing a hundred or more cases under the hay of a cattle truck.

An average bootlegger makes three trips a week to his out-of-state wholesaler, brings back the lugs to an isolated barn or a garage. From this cache lugs are divided among "pint pitchers," young drivers who distribute the liquor to service stations or barbershops that function as "package stores." More and more, pint pitchers are delivering directly to the



OKLAHOMA BOOTLEGGER (CENTER) GETS POLICE CHECK  
The Christmas season was in full swing.

Howard Hopkins

consumer; advertising flyers stuck on automobiles or mailed to homes provide the telephone numbers to call, promise 15-minute delivery.

**Act Refined.** Working against strong competition, the bootlegger keeps his customers happy by offering speedy delivery, discounts, occasional gifts to steady customers, and a flow of such promotional material as cocktail-recipe booklets. In return, he may clear \$130,000 a year. His pint pitchers may make as much as \$100 a week, must follow rigid rules: e.g., act refined when you enter good homes, drive carefully to avoid a traffic ticket and possible search, surrender peaceably if you're stopped.

In such an atmosphere, the policeman's lot is an unhappy one. If he stops a recognized pint pitcher without cause and finds whisky, the case can be tossed out of court for lack of a search warrant. But if he goes after a warrant, the pint pitcher disappears. As fast as he raids and closes one package store, another opens. Police liquor details are inadequate; Tulsa attempts to stem a 30,000-case-per-month consumption with a three-man detail. As it was during national Prohibition, Oklahoma public opinion is more with the bootlegger than with the police.

## PRISONS

### Iron Bars a Cage

Along the cold corridors of Michigan's maximum-security prison at Marquette last week marched a manacled man: Harold Maurice Hummel Jr. (alias Billy the Kid, alias John Dillinger), 26, on his way to Marquette's sandstone city hall to be arraigned for the murder of a fellow prisoner. Hummel's boyish face was impassive: he had little to worry about, since he was already serving a life sentence for another murder, and Michigan law forbids capital punishment. Besides, Billy the Kid

Hummel had made himself a prison hero by killing Marquette's most hated inmate.

**Lethal Bite.** Hummel's victim was Jim Hudson, 49, a bull-necked, 200-lb. Negro who had lived by violence and could only die by it. In 1932 Hudson began serving a life sentence for the holdup-murder of a White Cloud, Mich. country storekeeper. In 1936, with a blackjack made of blue denim wrapped around small stones, he attacked five guards at the Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson. A year later he jumped three more officers in the Jackson yard. Suffering from syphilis, for which he adamantly refused treatment, he once infected a Jackson guard with the disease by biting him. On April 21, 1952 Hudson rose screaming in the Jackson mess hall and led a riotous mob of prisoners on a five-day orgy of destruction. Jackson, with a convict population of some 5,000 men, labeled Jim Hudson the "most dangerous and assaultive man in this institution." Transferred to Marquette, he was confined permanently to his cell.

Other convicts had good cause to hate Hudson. He stabbed one fellow inmate in the neck with a screwdriver. He threw pepper into the eyes of others. During the Jackson riot Hudson burned not only

prison property but the personal belongings of other prisoners. And night after night, when lights were out, Jim Hudson spoke softly of his hatred for all men—including those who lay tossing on their cots in nearby cells. For these sins against prison society he was called horribly to account.

**Trial by Fire.** It was 5:30 p.m. on a mid-November day, Hudson sat quietly in his cell, eating off a tray. Other prisoners were lining up in the corridor outside, almost ready for the march to the mess hall. Suddenly, through the iron bars of Hudson's door came a soaking spray of lacquer thinner, followed by a lighted match. The cell exploded in flame, searing through 25 coats of paint on the wall, melting an overhead electric light—and sending Jim Hudson, afire, shrieking in agony, to rage at the bars that held him in. He lived long enough to whisper a name: "Will Hummel."

Why had Billy the Kid Hummel hurled the lacquer thinner and match? No one seemed to care; it was enough that Hudson was dead. He had created so much hatred that Prisoner Ralph Bowman feared for his own life at the hands of other convicts because he had used a fire extinguisher in trying to save Jim Hudson.

## DEMOCRATS

### Talmadge for President

Gathering one night last week at Augusta's Bon Air Hotel, just two miles from Dwight Eisenhower's vacation cottage, 700 Georgians and South Carolinians sat down to roast sirloin of baby beef and a large serving of the kind of speech-making that Ike deplors. Firing up the faithful: Democratic Senator-elect Herman Talmadge and his longtime mentor, Georgia Political Boss Roy V. Harris, who was being testimonialized for 35 years of service to his state.

To an audience graced by his cousin, South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond, Herman lamented that "your parents and mine had to live under Yankee bayonets and occupation rule, and resist the same fight we are going through at the present time . . . Yankee rule, carpetbagging." Then, dropping the toga of statesmanship that he has recently stiched up for use in Washington (TIME, Oct. 15), Herman added: "The time has come when the people of the South must appeal from those damnable decisions of the Supreme Court to the court of last resort, the decent white people of America."

For his part, Roy Harris recounted 20 years of U.S. brainwashing by "the propaganda that segregation is unconstitutional, un-American and un-Christian . . . If we had more people in the United States Senate like Herman Talmadge and Strom Thurmond, we wouldn't be in the situation we are in tonight."

Counting his Georgia chicken before it had been nationally hatched, Roy Harris clucked: "I propose in 1960 to have me a candidate for President. So far as I'm concerned, Herman Talmadge is my candidate for President in 1960."



COMMITTEEMAN ZIFFREN  
Burr from the West.

### The Gadfly from California

Shining with confidence, California's polished Paul Ziffren arrived in Washington last week to help other Democratic National Committeemen buff up their strategy. As the committeeman from a big state that shows steady Democratic inroads (and may be due for 37 House seats instead of the present 30, under the 1961 reapportionment), Ziffren felt emboldened to make a major suggestion. The suggestion, co-fathered by Committeemen Jake Arvey of Illinois\* and David Lawrence of

\* Exasperated by a series of "victory" speeches, Arvey commented: "I think we scored a great victory. I also think we got hit by a truck."



TALMADGE, HARRIS & WIVES  
Slur from the South.

Pennsylvania; a new 17-member committee, made up of non-National Committeemen to advise the party.

Ziffren spoke loftily of its value in advancing Democratic programs and principles. But the strategists recognized his bid for what Ziffren meant it to be: a rearguard action to preserve the dwindling prestige of the Stevensons, and a liberal burr under the saddles of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and his congressional conservatives, who consider themselves the seat of party authority.

To flesh out his committee, Ziffren suggested Adlai Stevenson, Estes Kefauver, Harry Truman, New York Governor Averell Harriman, Eleanor Roosevelt and Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams. Another nominee: Lyndon Johnson, who already is fending off a clamor for a change in the Senate rules to forestall filibustering (TIME, Dec. 3). Parrying Ziffren's invitation, Johnson tentatively agreed to serve, postponed final decision until he caucused with House Speaker and Fellow Texan Sam Rayburn to assay Ziffren's strength.

The strength is considerable. Iowa-born Ziffren, 43, is a political Johnny-come-lately who concentrated on practicing and teaching tax law around Chicago after graduation from Northwestern University. Moving to Los Angeles in 1943, he dipped a toe in the political pool by campaign fund raising. In 1950 he helped stage Helen Gahagan Douglas' unsuccessful battle against Dick Nixon for the U.S. Senate. Ziffren was named national committeeman in 1953, immediately set about reorganizing California's clanking party machinery, is given credit for the Democrats' 1956 gains in Congress (two) and the state legislature (two senate seats, five assembly seats) this year.

Though Lyndon Johnson and his fellow Democratic conservatives will doubtless serve on the Ziffren-spawned committee for the sake of appearances, they have no intention of letting him disrupt their plans for running the party. But neither can they feel as complacent as they once did, harassed by the buzzing of the new persistent gadfly from California.

### 1960's First Candidate

North Carolina's Senator W. Kerr (pronounced car) Scott, 60, is a Democrat of the hardfisted, harsh-tongued, Harry Truman school (in 1951, then-Governor Scott announced that his three top choices for President were "Harry S. Truman, Harry Truman and Truman"). As such, he never much cottoned to the low-key, upper-level sort of Democratic leadership typified by Adlai Stevenson. And when Republican Dwight Eisenhower this year came within 15,487 votes of carrying Democratic North Carolina, Kerr Scott thought he knew why.

The "sorry showing" the Democrats made in the 1956 election was made by "sorry politicians," said Kerr Scott last week. As for himself, he would rather be immediate than sorry, thereupon proclaimed the immediate opening of a four-year campaign for re-election in 1960.



## COMMUNISTS

### School's Out

For twelve years, the Jefferson School of Social Science had sent its students forth from a nine-story building on Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas grounded thoroughly, if not in the tenets of Jeffersonian democracy, at least in the ABCs of Marxism. Founded in 1944, the school flourished in its early years, hit a peak enrollment of an astonishing 14,000 in 1946-47. Sample courses: "Principles of Marxism" (which postulates are valid for the U.S.); "Guitar Playing and Song Leading I and II" (with emphasis on the use of the guitar as a social instrument). For years the school's name has been banded back and forth in congressional hearings. In 1947 the school was placed on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, and in 1955 the Jefferson School of Social Science was described by the careful U.S. Subversive Activities Control Board as "the Communist Party's principal training ground" for apprentice

## ARMED FORCES

### Save the Postman

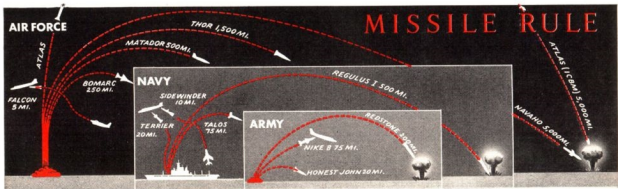
For its 19,000 Pentagon warriors and civil servants, the Army had a holiday message last week: if you want to wish the man at the next desk Merry Christmas, do it personally this year—don't send a card. Reason for the new regulation: the labyrinthine Pentagon's footsore postmen already carry all the mail they can handle. Signing the regulation: Old Foot Soldier Maxwell D. Taylor, Army Chief of Staff.

### Decision on Missiles

When the guided missile whistled into everyday military planning, the brainy brass of the U.S. Army whistled in low alarm. If nations were going to fight wars by trading off hydrogen payloads, then the Army was going to have a hard time justifying a budget for a 1,500,000-man ground force and the armament that goes with it. The Army's answer was to lobby hard—on contradictory lines: 1) the world will probably succumb to an

in its surface-to-surface missiles (on the theory that they could be launched 100 miles behind the lines and travel 100 miles beyond). Gone, therefore, was the dream of longer-range Army-built missiles that could (as the *Army Information Digest* recently said) attack "distant troop concentrations, marshaling areas and communication centers" and destroy "enemy missile sites, atomic stockpiles and airfields." The Army was assigned responsibility for point, i.e., local defense and the franchise on such radar-directed, land-to-air missiles as Nike, with a range of not more than 100 miles.

**The Air Force.** Handed to the Air Force was almost everything that the Army had wanted: responsibility for tactical air support as well as strategic bombing; tactical and strategic airlift; all land-based missiles with ranges of more than 200 miles; area defense with missiles ranging more than 100 miles, to be integrated by the continent-girdling SAGE (Semi-Automatic Ground Environment) early-warning system. But in anticipation



Times Diagram by J. Donovan

Marxists ambitious to move up to positions of leadership.

Despite a modest tuition of only \$8, enrollment dwindled as the school's troubles piled up, was down to 400 this fall. Last week, with no perceptible whisper of protest from an estimated 120,000 alumni, Jefferson trustees plaintively announced that they would close up shop at the end of the current semester. "Unwarranted persecution by the Federal Government," they wailed, "has created a financial situation in which it is impossible for the school to continue."

## HIGHWAYS

### A Little Less Death

Giving way to highway spot checks and roadblocks, wolf-pack state troopers and more alert state and local officials, the U.S.'s traffic-death toll declined by some 12% during October. The month's 3,450 traffic-death total reversed a steady, month-by-month (for 19 months) increase, said the National Safety Council. If the trend to more careful driving continues, the U.S.'s road toll for 1956 should hold below the council's earlier death estimate of 42,000—the population of Greenwich, Conn., Oshkosh, Wis. or Vancouver, Wash.

atomic stalemate, hence the U.S. will need a conventional army which for maximum efficiency will need its own air arm; 2) the airplane will soon be supplanted by the missile as a strategic weapon, and, therefore, so will the Air Force; 3) the Army should be allowed to develop its own long-range missiles since, after all, missiles are only an improved form of artillery.

Last week armor-plated Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson stopped the Army's arguments cold, handed down an eight-page memorandum that was the clearest contribution to a definition of service roles and missions since the battered and bruised Key West agreement of 1948.

**The Army.** "We're not going to set up an air force within the Army," said Deputy Defense Secretary Reuben Robertson, as he explained the Wilson memo to newsmen. Army aviation is strictly limited to such functions as liaison and observation within a combat zone extending not more than 100 miles beyond the front lines, and the Army is specifically forbidden to provide its own strategic and tactical airlift, tactical reconnaissance or close-combat air support. More important, the Army is restricted to a 200-mile range

of an increase in the firepower of the Army's short-range tactical missiles (taking over part of the tactical air-support job), Wilson called for a cutback in the Air Force goal of 137 wings.

**The Navy.** While the Army and Air Force were fighting, the Navy sailed serenely along, kept out of trouble. The Wilson memo gave the Navy a go-ahead for all ship-based missile development (i.e., everything except the intercontinental ballistic missile), and the Navy announced that it was commissioning an experimental ship to work out the gyroscopic navigational system required for accurate firing of a 1,500-mile ballistic missile (see SCIENCE).

Charlie Wilson tried to soften the blow against the Army by pointing out that the peacetime assignments did not necessarily predetermine the weapons and forces that field commanders could use in wartime. He also promised that the Army could conduct "feasibility studies" on the use of an intermediate-range missile. But his assurances did not mollify the Army brass. Snapped a top Army planner when Wilson's decision was handed down: "This thing isn't going to stop us." The Army's probable next line of defense: congressional hearings at budget time.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## ALLIANCES

### The New Relationship

The partnership would survive. Britain and France agreed to withdraw from Suez, the U.S. released the oil Europe needed, and many on both sides of the Atlantic sighed in audible relief that old friends were speaking again.

Before the differences were patched up, many ugly words had been said (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). In the most massive show of parliamentary anti-Americanism

decided that the Anglo-American alliance was something that could be switched off like a tap. Almost immediately it got thirsty and tried to switch it on again. Finding it could not do so, it has been relieving its feelings by kicking the tap."

**Blasphemous Candor.** The transatlantic friendship was renewed, but it would be a different, perhaps a healthier relationship. It would be based on the realization that Britain, France and the U.S., old friends united by necessity and sentiment, have a common purpose in Europe,

**Common Gain.** This was not to say that the U.S. preferred Nasser to Eden, or thought that the Arab-Asian bloc would make sounder and stronger friends than Britain or France. Yet to make common cause with its friends in every part of the world would be to inherit their legacy, and lose much. A new relationship, that recognizes deep affinities but does not gloss over differences, could be worth more than a thousand speeches.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Reluctant Withdrawal

"In a few weeks' time this country is going to wake up to the fact that we have marched into Egypt, marched out of Egypt, caused the canal to be blocked, stopped our oil, made every Arab in the world into an enemy, opened the Middle East to Russian penetration, split the Commonwealth, quarreled with the Americans, ruined ourselves—all for nothing."

Britain's Tories might not much admire the man who said these words, leftist Laborite John Strachey, but they could not ignore some of his home truths. Last week the Tory cabinet assembled to hear the report of Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, just back from the U.S. Lloyd had no good news. The U.S. still refused to arrange for emergency oil supplies until the British and French at least announced plans for withdrawal from Suez. After two hours' discussion, the Cabinet made the inevitable reluctant decision: Britain would withdraw. Significantly, in all the week's painful decisions, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden in faraway Jamaica was reportedly consulted not once.

### Rebel's Return

Two and a half years ago stormy Aneurin Bevan scrambled over Labor Party Leader Clement Attlee's feet to the dispatch box and denounced Attlee's acceptance of SEATO as a "surrender to American pressure," and angrily resigned forthwith from the party's inner leadership, known as the Shadow Cabinet.\*

Two years ago he denounced his arch right-wing rival Hugh Gaitskell as a "desiccated calculating machine," and vowed, "I'll fight the blighter year after year if necessary."

Eighteen months ago Bevan's defiance became so blatant and outspoken that Gaitskell and his supporters demanded his expulsion from the party and were almost successful. Only ten months ago Bevan angrily declared that the Labor Party is no longer Socialist and called its leadership "a travesty of democracy."

But since then angry Nye Bevan has moderated his tone and sobered his expressions. Made Colonial Secretary in the



"THE RETURN OF A PILGRIM FATHER"

Vicky, by courtesy of The London Daily Mirror

in years, 126 British Tories signed a motion deploring "the attitude of the U.S.A., which is gravely endangering the Atlantic Alliance." And the kind of cutting British remarks that are usually said privately got said aloud. Sample, by First Lord of the Admiralty Lord Hailsham: "We do not wish to hear any moral lectures from those whose moral weakness and incapacity to see the facts was the precipitating factor in the present crisis." The occasion for the worst hostility might die down with the oil deliveries, but the rancor was likely to remain.

**Two Blocs.** In France, where hostility also ran high, Foreign Minister Christian Pineau sought to explain the U.S. attitude: "Two principles dominate U.S. policy at the present time: the world must not be divided into two blocs—the white race on one side, and the peoples of color on the other. The Soviet Union must not be allowed to have a monopoly of defending the latter group. These two principles are justified," Pineau added: "But what is not, and what is even singularly paradoxical, is to conclude that the U.S. should lend its help to Nasser. Despite our bitterness, we cannot renounce either U.S. friendship or the Atlantic Alliance. It is our only safeguard against a fate similar to that of Hungary."

Others who took sober second readings recognized, in the words of London's *Spectator*, "that the Americans did not go it alone; we have. The [British] government

but only parallel—and sometimes even divergent—interests in other places.

Said Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd: "The partners should on occasion be able to act unilaterally and according to the dictates of their best judgment, without jeopardizing the firm foundations of their understanding." Said the London *Economist*: "Britain's proper attitude towards the U.S. is the attitude that Australia has long maintained towards Britain. It is an attitude of blasphemous private candor about most matters and about awkward Foreign Secretaries, but of sufficient loyalty to allow any American leader to feel confident that when really big issues arise, Britain will never deceive him."

The new relationship had advantages. For the U.S., it freed both its conscience and its politics. The U.S. would no longer have to apologize in its heart for British tactics on Cyprus, or be as discreet about its displeasure with French methods in Algeria (Britain and France might, in turn, make up their own lists of American causes they do not wholeheartedly endorse).

At the moment, all through the Arab world, the U.S. had new stature and trust as the only nation that had acted disinterestedly. Alone of all nations, it could act and be accepted as an evenhanded arbiter. "Whatever happens next in the Middle East is up to the U.S. Government; we're out of the picture," admitted British Editor Geoffrey Crowther.

\* Shadow Cabinet members officially express the opposition's position in their field, are the most likely candidates to become ministers if the opposition returns to power.

Shadow Cabinet as a sort of consolation prize, he handled the assignment with humanity, indefatigable curiosity and parliamentary skill, demonstrating what his able mind can do when he checks his flamboyant gift for invective and extravagant statement. Gaitskell, now Attlee's successor, was visibly impressed. The Suez issue united them in anger against Tory imperialism. Many in the House believed that Bevan handled the Suez case against Eden more effectively than Gaitskell himself, and they savored the jest that he was a fine one to be expressing concern about U.S. displeasure.

Last week, subduing whatever private misgivings he may have, Gaitskell acknowledged Nye's increased prestige by appointing him Foreign Secretary in the Shadow Cabinet. Said the *Economist*, guardedly saluting the new Nye: "Mr. Bevan has a mandate for mellowness, not for unorthodoxy. His appointment should not frighten the country."

## THE MIDDLE EAST

### Soldiers and Salvage

It was something strange to see—an unwieldy hodgepodge of Scandinavian and Colombian infantry, Indian paratroopers, Yugoslav reconnaissance troops and Canadian headquarters personnel—yet the world's first international police force, taking form in Egypt last week, became from the outset a real instrument of power, Danish riflemen a little sheepishly took up buffer positions between the Egyptian and Anglo-French lines at El Cap, about 27 miles south of Port Said, and this week Norwegian and Danish troops are scheduled to relieve the Anglo-French forces of control of a large part of Port Said. Close to 2,700 officers and men, armed and equipped, were now under the Canadian U.N. commander, Eedson Burns; soon he would have 4,100 troops in Egypt plus a \$10 million budget voted by the U.N. General Assembly.

Unlike some of the U.N.'s critics, Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld was not disturbed by UNEF's comparative lack of military muscle. "In terms of its potential effectiveness in performing its mission," he said, UNEF "must be rated as equivalent to a substantially larger military body." In fact, the UNEF buildup provided the British and French governments with a face-saving justification for their decision to carry out a prompt withdrawal from Egypt (see above).

The sooner the British and French left the sooner the U.N. could get on with its other avowed task in Egypt, clearing the Suez Canal. Late last week the first of a fleet of Dutch and Danish salvage vessels began to move toward Egypt. To handle financing of the estimated \$40 million clearance operations, Hammarskjöld called on Manhattan Banker John J. McCloy, former U.S. High Commissioner for Germany. To oversee technical operations, he drafted Lieut. General (ret.) Raymond A. Wheeler, onetime U.S. Army Chief of Engineers. For the 71-year-old Wheeler, canals are an old story.



BRITAIN'S BEVAN  
One blighter became a buddy.

As one of his first Army assignments he took part in the construction of the Panama Canal. "Being a second lieutenant," he recalls, "I practically built it single-handed, or so I thought, being a second lieutenant."

To clear away completely the 47 vessels and two bridges with which the Egyptians blocked the canal promises to be a formidable operation. But British and French salvage experts who, by last week, had cleared a "Liberty-ship channel" suitable for 10,000-ton ships as far south as El Cap, estimated that a similar channel could be opened all the way down the canal within three months, allowing one way traffic to thread its way past other hulks.



EGYPT'S NASSER  
One Jew from every family.

## Short Shrift in Egypt

Though the shooting war has ended, the nations that invaded Egypt were still mad at Nasser. Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir accused the Egyptian government of planning the wholesale expulsion of 30,000 Jews from Egypt. Two days later, Britain and France protested to the U.N. that large numbers of the nearly 20,000 French and British nationals in Egypt were being forced out of the country in a manner "reminiscent of the barbarous methods of mass deportation . . . which have been practiced in other countries."

In Cairo Nasser told *TIME* a different story. "At the beginning," said he, "British and French citizens were completely free. Then came Port Said. We got news that French and British civilians were shooting people in the streets from windows and doors. We kept this out of the Egyptian press by censorship, for fear it would provoke popular acts against British and French citizens. We decided to tell British and French citizens they could not leave their homes . . . About 2,000 of these people have asked for exit visas, and about 1,000 of them have gone." As for the Jews, only "about 30 out of 45,000 Egyptian Jews have been arrested."

Despite Nasser's protestations, there was considerable evidence that Britons, Frenchmen and Jews resident in Egypt were indeed being given short shrift. In Marseilles, Jewish refugees from Port Said tearfully insisted that a few days prior to the Anglo-French attack, the Egyptian police seized one hostage from each Jewish family in the city. In London, Englishmen newly expelled from Egypt reported that their homes and other possessions had been auctioned off by the Egyptian government, and all their funds over \$28 confiscated.

The Egyptian government proclaimed its determination to speedily "Egyptianize" the administration of all the vast British and French holdings in Egypt, including banks, buildings, oil companies, schools. About the only deterrent that might keep Egypt from grabbing all the Anglo-French investments in Egypt (estimated from \$200 million to \$500 million) is the knowledge that Britain has nearly \$300 million of frozen Egyptian assets.

## Hot Winds & Frail Borders

The harsh winds of crisis shifted north from Suez to the sandy reaches that in a lusher day were known as the Fertile Crescent (see map). There sit three nations—Syria, Iraq and Jordan—whose borders were drawn largely by the British, largely on sand. Last week, with Britain's last shreds of authority being blown away, these three Arab states were exposed in all their perishability to the full blast of nationalist bent and Soviet propaganda.

Headline writers and TV commentators acted as if war might break out any moment there, but the likelier consequence was chaos, which is one of the Middle East's leading exports.

Syria (pop. 3,800,000) became the new headline favorite. A flimsy agrarian republic.

lie about the size of North Dakota, Syria tries hard to sound like Nasser's most ferocious ally, though in fact it is about the weakest sister of the Arab world. The glory of the caliph's Damascus has been gone for 1,200 years. Modern Syria as a nation dates only from the World War I collapse of Turkey's Ottoman Empire. For almost 25 years the French ruled Syria as mandated territory, leaving behind some culture and much hatred. The young Republic of Syria, independent after World War II, joined the invasion of Israel in 1948 and suffered resounding defeat. Its army then seized power, has remained in the foreground through five coups and some 20 Cabinets. Out of this turmoil of political weakness has sprung the most active native Communist movement in the Arab world.

Last summer, making common cause with Communists and crypto-Communists, Lieut. Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, 31, gained the upper hand in the army, placed Syria's 25,000 troops under joint command with Nasser's, and pushed deals with the Soviet bloc that by last week brought the bulk of some 100 T-34 tanks, 200 armored personnel carriers and 20 MIG jets into the country. After the invasion of Egypt, Serraj blew up the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s pipeline that carries 80% of Iraq's oil across Syria to the Mediterranean, and sent a brigade of troops into Jordan. Syria's inept little army cannot make good use of Russia's modern arms; the arms were obviously being stockpiled for eventual use by Moscow "volunteers." In this uneasy circumstance, Syria's anti-Communist neighbors in the Baghdad Pact—particularly Turkey and Iraq—met and agreed to fight "subversion" from Syria. The Turks announced "routine" army maneuvers near the Syrian border

and flew their Acting Foreign Minister to London to discuss "the Syrian situation" with Britain's Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd. Did they intend to put Syria out of its misery?

Ever ready to stoke up Arab rivalries and suspicions, Russia's Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov accused Britain, France and Israel of planning "new aggression" against Syria, Lebanon and Jordan, and Radio Moscow bristled against Turkey and Iraq. Just in case Syria's anti-Communist neighbors were genuinely worried about a foray from Syria, the U.S. State Department announced that it would view "with the utmost gravity" any threat to "the territorial integrity or political independence" of any member of the Baghdad Pact. This was also meant to remove from Turkey and Iraq any pretext for moving into Syria.

The U.S. is concerned over Communist arms moving through the Dardanelles and landing in Syrian ports, but has reason to know that some Syrian military and political higher-ups are also disturbed at Communist influence and the dangerous ambitions of Colonel Serraj. In both Washington and Paris last week, the word Guatemala popped up in speculations about Syria—meaning that a more pro-Western government might be encouraged to seize power.

**Iraq.** Syria's larger and richer eastern neighbor (pop. 5,200,000) has long been the only strongly pro-Western Arab state. This is largely the doing of astute old Premier Nuri es-Said, 68, once an officer in the Ottoman army. His country is oil prosperous, and invests 70% of its royalties in soundly planned long-range improvements (dams, irrigation, schools). But the mobs in the streets, stirred by Cairo, Damascus and Moscow radios, de-

nounce Nuri es-Said as a British stooge. Last week open trouble broke out. For six days Arabs demonstrated in the holy city of An Najaf, killing at least two and injuring hundreds. (Radio Cairo, greatly magnifying the casualties, boasted of open civil war in Iraq.) Nuri es-Said jailed five opposition chieftains, including a former justice minister and a former president of the Chamber of Deputies, for appealing to King Feisal II to withdraw from the Baghdad Pact. The 31-year-old King opened Parliament, in a speech from the throne that Nuri had written for him, by declaring martial law in all Iraq, and incidentally, in usual Arab fashion, called for the "elimination of Israel." When no fewer than 40 Deputies clamored to speak, to debate Iraq's foreign policy, the government swiftly and summarily suspended Parliament for a month.

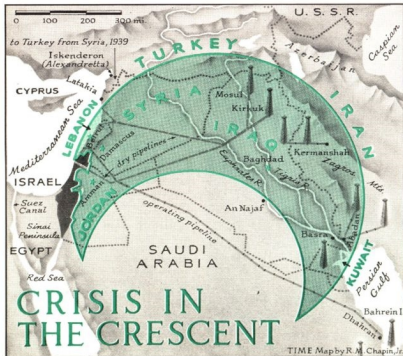
**Jordan** (pop. 1,500,000), a precarious sandtrap, is currently host to a Syrian brigade and an Iraqi brigade, nominally there to help defend it against Israel, but ready to pick up the pieces if Jordan itself flies apart. New Premier Suleiman Nabulsi, echoing the demands of the Nasserites in his Parliament, last week demanded the stopping of Britain's \$33 million annual subsidy, but significantly qualified his demand by waiting to see whether his Arab neighbors would make up the difference to keep his country going. One of the few remaining benefits London gets for its Jordanian subsidy is the right to an air base at Mafrqa. Last week the R.A.F. base was under virtual siege, and drinking water, which local contractors refused to supply, had to be flown in from outside. If the British subsidy ends, and nobody else matches it, Jordan will have a hard time holding its place on the map—where it was put by Winston Churchill, genially creating a kingdom for his friend Abdullah.

## ISRAEL

### Consequences of Victory

As Israelis lit their first candles celebrating the traditional festival of lights (Hanukkah) last week, the government decreed a national dim-out. Reason: a fuel shortage that was one indirect consequence of Israel's seven-day victory over Egypt. In homes, hotels and hospitals only one 60-watt light bulb was permitted to burn in any room, and families were restricted to a maximum of 60 kw-hr per month. Housewives boned up on how much power each appliance consumed (example: a washing machine uses up one kw-hr in 30 minutes), and pinned up self-rationing lists in their kitchens. Some factories cut back output, bus lines whittled down their schedules, and all private cars were restricted to one area.

Unlike most countries, Israel did not lose its fuel supply by the closing of the Suez, because Egypt for eight years has barred any Suez cargoes destined for Israel. Instead, Israel got hurt when Russia, siding with the Arabs, suspended its oil-for-oranges contract with Israel and so cut off 20% of Israel's oil imports.







Paul Moor—Life



Lisa Larsen—Life

WARSAW THROUING CHEERING NEW REGIME & GOMULKA  
Precarious balance between Communism and patriotism.

## POLAND

### Rebellious Compromiser

(See Cover)

*Russia seems to be impregnable, but she is not at all. Poland is her weak spot.*

—Bismarck (1887)

In a smoke-filled basement room in Warsaw's Polytechnic Institute last week, 30 determined young Poles probed deep for the weak spot in Russia's hitherto impregnable Communist empire. No plotters, and meaning to be peaceable, they were asking questions: How much farther can Poland go on the road to democratization without risking a Soviet crackdown? Can the Polish Communist Party slow down the momentum of Poland's drive for complete national independence? The answers could also spell out the end of Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe, and a formidable reduction of Soviet power itself.

The Polytechnic students saw a specific test for their questions: Poland's general elections next January. A free and honest election in Poland today could result in a clean sweep for the now banned Catholic parties, so deep runs the revulsion from Communism. The January elections will not be free, but the Communists, under intense pressure, will offer approved alternate candidates on a one-party slate for the first time. The Polytechnic students (members of Catholic, Socialist and Communist youth organizations) seemed ready to accept this, provided they could nominate some of the "approved alternates." Similar groups among factory workers and peasants—most prominent in the fight for liberalizing the tyranny—are taking the same line. Though their chosen candidates might have to be Communists, they wanted to make sure that they were also patriotically Polish. For the moment, they were not asking more.

What made the students and workers wise in their time and situation was not alone the example of Hungary. They also had a belief in a man, once disgraced and imprisoned, almost forgotten a year ago, whose firm defiance of the Russians had shot him up through the crumbling Communist apparatus to a position of national hero. In Wladyslaw Gomulka many Poles feel that they found a leader before it was too late.

**The Guarantee.** It was a mutual discovery. In the new nine-man Politburo, Gomulka has few comrades he can trust, and not a few old Communist enemies. His position there depends on his continuing influence on the workers and intellectuals who hold him in such high regard. He is taking great pains to cultivate and preserve that regard by the only means he knows: hard work, courtesy, firmly expressed cautionary advice and, for a fanatic Communist, daring departures from the old Stalin economic and political dogmas.

During last month's critical decisions he averaged four hours of sleep each night, now he has perhaps six. The other 18 hours vanish in a succession of conferences, interviews, speechwriting, speechmaking (three a week on Radio Warsaw), and listening to dozens of workers' delegations from all over the country. A group of workers from Wroclaw asks about higher wages. A delegation from an association of collective farms seeks his ideas about farm policy. They all get a little of Gomulka's time. At 8 o'clock one night last week a batch of students, workers and farmers walked in, spent three hours getting answers to questions. Typical questions: When do the Russian troops leave? What guarantees do we have against Stalinist activities in Poland? His answer to the last: "You are the guarantee. Without you young people I would not stay one minute."

He does a lot of listening at these ses-

sions, his sharp blue eyes set deep in a fallow face, with its high cheekbones and bulky forehead, expanded by baldness. It is the face of one who has held stubbornly to his beliefs and acted resolutely upon them. But visitors are often astonished to find him so aged and apparently frail. He seems shorter than his 5 ft. 7 in., older than his 51 years. These are the marks of his lifelong apprenticeship to Communism. Years of imprisonment in his youth left him with a lung ailment, a police bullet has permanently stiffened his right knee, and there are hints of unspecified internal organic disorders. The later years of disgrace and isolation have softened his voice, and he no longer speaks loudly as he once did. Reading in isolation has improved his grasp of ideas. It was always said of him that he was a man without humor. "There are no funny stories about Gomulka," says Peasant Leader Stanislaw Banczyk. He is essentially a lonely man. He and his wife Zofia, a member of an old Russian Bolshevik family (purged by Stalin), live quietly in a tiny apartment in the Warsaw suburb of Praga, have no social life. A 26-year-old son, an engineer, lives in the same house. Gomulka's sole recreation: walking his dog around the block.

As he listens, he periodically leans back in his chair, takes off his steel-rimmed glasses, polishing them with a handkerchief in deft circular strokes. It is an uncommonly sad face that is revealed, but the visitor notices the eyes, cool and piercing, the strong, shovel-like chin, and there is an impression of sincerity and power. At midnight Gomulka drops his pencil, closes the manila folder on an unfinished speech, a lone late-staying assistant throws a dark overcoat over Gomulka's thin shoulders, and he clumps out to his ZIS limousine, pausing a moment to look across the streets and roofs of Warsaw shining with frost. Not in his office, or in intellectual

circles, but out there in the dark bitter cold is the problem he must lick before Poland or the world knows whether he is a real leader.

**Quarters for Lovers.** In Warsaw's wintry grey days the sun is seldom seen. The façades of houses are pocked with shell marks, and the ruins of war are wherever the visitor looks. The people of Warsaw do not look. Hurrying by in their fleecelined topcoats and heavy boots, the women often wearing slacks and boots, they are too busy struggling to live. There are long queues for buses and trolley cars. There are endless day-long queues at the meat and bread stores for the basic food available: round loaves of dark bread and long Polish sausages. The cafés of Warsaw are crowded.

For that mysterious elite which inhabits all Communist cities there is the Rarytas Restaurant with soft lights and music, where dinner with wine costs 400 zlotys (\$100 at the present exchange rate, a week's wage for a better-paid Pole). At the Kaskada, a smoke-filled vodka joint, there is Dixieland music, and at 2 a.m. the proprietor, according to a Warsaw magazine, "discreetly removes the drunks and lays them out in neat rows on the sidewalk." Gasoline is rationed, taxis hard to find, and there is a coal shortage.

Poland's housing problem may be Europe's worst. For every room there are 1.8 people. The only hope for newlweds is a proposed "build-it-yourself" development project, called romantically "Quarters for Lovers Without an Apartment." Complaining that government ministers get all the good houses, the newspaper *Zycie Warszawy* recently described 16,000 families quartered in unheated barracks at Jozefow, gave special mention to the case of Jozef Grajka, who lives with his family of five in an outside toilet.

**Anarchy.** Poland is a police state which in the past few months has lost most of its police, and the result is an increase in both freedom and anarchy. People no longer whisper in Poland, or try to convey a world of meaning with their eyes, and there are fewer darted over-the-shoulder glances before opening a conversation. But the country's production has never been lower (except in wartime), and the harvest never looked worse. Farmers accustomed to work under the eye of the U.B. (security police) are leaving much of the potato and sugar-beet crop in ground this winter. Thousands of collective farms, no longer under police supervision, have been abandoned, their equipment and animals stolen as farmers hasten to rebuild their own farms. In a country which normally imports up to 1,500,000 tons of grain a year, and where the worker spends 90% of his wages on food, a food crisis threatens. The situation is worst in the western lands, formerly German, where the Polish farmers brought from the east have never felt at home, and the collectives, built around the old Junker estates, have never prospered despite credits and tax exemptions.

In the factories, as party control has slipped, so has production. Unpopular

bosses have been roughly ridden out of town in wheelbarrows, and there have been some near lynchings. The mood of the country has not been improved by the 36,000 prisoners released from U.B. prisons and the 16,000 Poles repatriated from Soviet slave-labor camps, each with a bitter story of Soviet brutality. To these must be added the serious preachments of the score of Polish correspondents who were in Budapest during the Soviet siege and, unable to publish their stories in their own newspapers for fear of offending the Soviet leaders, are now touring the country telling workers, peasants and students what happened in Hungary. Russian street names are torn down, and banners appear: "Stop Soviet Domination." At



RUSSIA'S ROKOSSOVSKY  
Time to go home.

Bydgoszcz last week an anti-Soviet demonstration ended with an attack on the police station, and for a few hours, until troops were brought in, the rioters controlled the city.

It is Poland's present acceptance of Gomulka that prevents another Poznan riot from flaring up into a general revolt like that in Hungary. But if such a revolt should take place, Poland's intellectuals, students and soldiers would play a key part just as their counterparts did in Budapest. But what would Gomulka's role be? Would he play Nagy or Kadar? The answer to the question lies somewhere in Gomulka's curious balance between Communism and patriotism.

**Burn & Crush.** The twelve years of Soviet depredations which have impoverished Poland to the point of desperation are part of a deliberately conceived Russian policy not very different from that of the Czars. Through 400 years the great powers surrounding Poland, seeking to exploit its estates and mines, have sought to crush Polish independence. From Russia's Ivan the Terrible, who invaded under the pretext of "gathering in of the Russian

lands," to Sweden's Charles XII, whose declared Polish policy was "burn, destroy, rob and arrest," the invaders, as though fearing Poland's unquenchable spirit, have sought a "final solution."

In the 18th century Poland was partitioned on three occasions, the third partition being successfully resisted for a time under the leadership of the Polish patriot Kosciuszko, only to fall to Russia, Austria and Prussia again. The Congress of Vienna gave Poland nominal independence, but after a period of "watchful waiting" the Russians were back again with a program of wholesale executions and Russification. Napoleon had used Poland ("my second Polish war") as an excuse to attack Russia, but it was Otto von Bismarck, master of *Realpolitik*, who saw Poland's festering hatred of Russia as a means of keeping the great eastern power in bounds. "If one helped the Poles a little, they could rise in revolt and win their freedom," he whispered to Italy's Premier Crispi.

Eighteen years after Bismarck's death, the Germans got the chance to "help Poland a little." In World War I they gave Poland its independence under Pilsudski, on condition that it fight Russia. Germany was defeated, but the Allies at Versailles recognized the Republic of Poland. The Bolsheviks also recognized Poland, but a couple of years later Stalin bared Soviet imperialist policy in a speech to the Polish comrades in which he insisted that they must understand "the Russian problem," and consider Russia's dominance "primordial to the entire revolutionary movement . . . because Soviet power is the basis and backbone of the world revolution."

Poland enjoyed 18 all-too-brief years of peaceful independence, but Hitler and Stalin finally did it in. Poland had a non-aggression pact with Russia dating from 1939, and after Hitler's rise it contracted alliances with the West and signed a ten-year nonaggression pact with Germany. But in 1939 Molotov and Hitler got together, signed a secret protocol arranging to attack Poland simultaneously from both sides and to partition it out of existence. After a 26-day fight, Poland was no more. Said Molotov: "Nothing is left of that monstrous bastard, the Versailles Treaty."

Wladyslaw Gomulka, the son of a hard-working Socialist oil worker from Krosno, was 38 when the Russians and Germans invaded Poland. (Before he was born, his father had emigrated to the U.S., but returned when he discovered that the streets were not paved with gold.) Wladyslaw Gomulka in twelve years in the party had done all the things that Communists do, infiltrated trade unions, spread propaganda under the name of Comrade Duniak. He had been sentenced to four years "for arousing mobs to a dangerous state" and for conspiracy against the state, and shared a cell with six other Communists. Differing with them on minor ideological grounds, he refrained from speaking to them for 18 months.

He was luckily in jail in 1937 when Stalin, mistrusting the Polish Commu-

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nists, ordered the Polish leadership to come to Moscow. None of them ever got back alive. Gomulka was likewise in jail when the Nazis and Communists invaded Poland. His jailers fled, and he was free. He went to Warsaw, rescued his wife and child, and headed for Lvov, the outpost of the Soviet army.

The legal government of Poland had its own plans for continuing Poland's fight, and ably executed them. During World War II, some 250,000 Poles and Polish soldiers, escaping through neighboring states, put on Allied uniforms and fought with the French, British and U.S. armies with great distinction and one of the highest casualty records of the war. In addition, the exiled government, resident in Britain, set up an underground Home Army which numbered 300,000 men and women, organized on a military basis, with courts to try collaborators.

Gomulka took no part in this. But when the Germans attacked Russia, he petitioned Moscow to be allowed to form a Communist underground in Poland. Moscow did not answer, but after Stalingrad, Stalin put his own plan for a Polish Communist underground into operation. The Communist Party was to be reconstituted as the Polish Workers Party. New leaders, Poles who had been living in Moscow, were dropped by parachute. But like all Stalin's undergrounds, this one had peculiar duties: it was more interested in liquidating the political opposition, i.e., the Home Army underground, than the Germans. At least one of its leading members collaborated with the Gestapo on this basis, tipping it off. But this did not prevent the Nazis from killing the Communists, and after several of the Moscow importations had disappeared, the leadership of the underground fell to Gomulka. There is no evidence that he pursued the Stalinist policy of doublecrossing others in the underground, and for this reason he is grudgingly respected by some Poles who loathe his politics. Those who knew him at this time say that he fought the Nazis with courage and resolution.

Stalin's policy of liquidating the effective Home Army, which reached its brazen peak in 1944 when Marshal Rokossovsky's army stood idly in the outskirts of Warsaw while the Nazis systematically bombed, shelled and dynamited the city, killing 250,000 people, was the logical outcome of the "Russian problem." What Stalin did not obtain by force, he won politically at the conference tables at Yalta and Potsdam. The Western Allies agreed that Poland should fall within the Soviet sphere.

Because of Western insistence on "free, unfettered elections" and party government, Stalin arranged that the provisional government (Deputy Premier: Gomulka) should include the Polish Peasant Party and the Social Democrats as well as the Communists, but he had his men ceaselessly working to surround, isolate, blackmail, and even to murder, the democratic politicians. "Poland's secret government," wrote Polish Peasant Party Leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, "is headed by a man few

Poles have ever seen—the Russian general Malinov. His name has never appeared in a Polish newspaper. He has never made a public appearance in Poland. He towers above all other officials—public or secret." Malinov's real name: Ivan Serov, Stalin's specialist in liquidation, who had already deported 1,500,000 Poles to Siberia. Serov, now Russia's secret police boss, last week was working in Hungary.

On a lower level, Deputy Premier Gomulka was working as hard as any other Communist to undermine democracy. "You can't kill all of us, Gomulka. You can't exterminate a whole people or crush its determination to be independent," Mikolajczyk told him on one occasion. Gomulka leaped from his chair, his



EX-PREMIER MIKOLAJCZYK  
"You can't exterminate a whole people."

hand on the gun he carried in his pocket, but Mikolajczyk calmly asked for a cigarette. Said Gomulka: "We'll get the people. And we'll get you." Two years later, Mikolajczyk was forced to flee into exile, and the only "democrats" left in the Polish government were Communist stooges.

**Grab & Give.** Stalin had attempted his "final" solution to the Polish-Russian question at the Potsdam peace table. He had already annexed a huge tract of Polish territory in the east (see map), and as compensation he now sliced most of Pomerania from Germany and "gave" it to Poland. Pretending that the Poles had gained materially from this deal, he demanded that Polish coal exports be sold to Russia at a nominal price per ton (about one-seventh the market price). He also arranged that Germany should pay Poland reparations, but these he collected himself. He then forced the Poles to accept a permanent Soviet army of occupation, for whose upkeep Poland paid. He also maintained access through Poland to Soviet divisions (now 22) garrisoned in East Germany.

Thus to the deep Polish hatred of the

Nazi conqueror, Stalin added a boundary quarrel to make certain that Germany and Poland should have cause to resent one another eternally and thus preclude any secret alliances. Gomulka was put in charge of the new western territory taken from the Germans. He did Soviet bidding, though he was distressed by Russia's dismantling and removal of factories. "I fought against the Germans," he once told a group of peasants. "I will not allow Poland to become the 17th Soviet Republic."

In 1948 a word was coined for this kind of view: Titoism. Tito has once met Gomulka, who made "a very favorable impression. He is a worker, rather modest and reticent." Gomulka was less impressed by the vain Tito, privately referred to him as "a fat swine." When Stalin expelled Tito from the Russian family, Polish Communist leaders concurred in denouncing Tito, all except Gomulka, who said: "I don't know who is right or who is wrong, but we must end it all without publicity. We must find a compromise." He refused to attend a Cominform conference in Rumania where the satellite leaders were to gang up on Tito. That was enough for Stalin. At a signal Gomulka's comrades turned on him. General Marian Spychalski was Gomulka's chief denouncer. Gomulka was accused of being "permeated with the Pilsudski spirit." Economic Minister Mine accused him of betraying his underground comrades to the Gestapo. Said Politburocrat Jakub Berman: "Let Comrade Gomulka repudiate his mystical notions and let him march together with the party." But the stubborn Gomulka had another idea. Said he: "I have come to the conclusion that my political career is over. It is my fault. . . . Free me from my responsibilities and allow me to work in a small party position." But Stalin demanded a groveling confession, and when Gomulka resisted, he was dismissed and Moscow-trained Boleslaw Bierut took over the party secretaryship.

Resting at the resort of Krynica some time later, Gomulka was disturbed while in bed one morning by a U.B. man. Gomulka reached under his pillow for his pistol, but the U.B. man was there first. Said he: "I have orders from the Central Committee to bring you to Warsaw." Replied Gomulka calmly: "If somebody from the Central Committee wants to see me, let him come here." But he went quietly with the guard to Miedzeszyn, a Warsaw suburb, where he and his wife were held under arrest in separate cottages without seeing each other for four years. Most people thought him dead.

Unlike Czechoslovakia's Slansky, Hungary's Rajk and Bulgaria's Kostov, who went to the gallows after dutifully confessing their party errors, there was no great public show trial of the Polish "Titoist" Gomulka. One of the reasons for this was that the stubborn Gomulka could not be broken, stubbornly refused to make an abject confession. Fearing that some of his ad-lib remarks in court might involve others in their wartime duplicity, his Politburo comrades found reasons to delay Stalin's orders for a trial. They delayed



the arrangements so long that Stalin died before the trial could take place.

**Send for Gomulka.** With the old Dictator's death came that "wavering" in Soviet power which he had always feared. When destalinization got out of hand, the long-disciplined Polish intellectuals broke loose. The unrest spread to the workers and peasants. All Stalin's successors could think of was to order Jakub Berman and other hated leaders to disappear. Party Secretary Bierut died fortuitously in Moscow. Deputy Premier Minc took ill. In July came the riots at Poznan. Someone in Moscow remembered Gomulka, the one man who, because of his war record, his persecution, but most of all his patriotism, could perhaps win public sympathy and stem the rising tide of revolt. Ailing Gomulka was taken from his cottage and sent to Sochi on the Black Sea for recuperation. But when the Politburo invited him to become party secretary he said: "I do not wish to enter your Politburo. The Politburo I enter will have to be changed entirely."

They offered him various heads on a platter, but held out on Marshal Rokossovsky because they were afraid of Russian reaction. Gomulka was unmoved. "You fear the Russians?" he said. "It is only necessary to know how to handle them. I remember when in 1944 Comrade Bulganin, at that time Soviet military commander in Poland, arrived in Lublin and sent word that I should call on him immediately. I told the general. If the general is in such a hurry, let him come to me." Imagine, he arrived some minutes later with a smile on his lips."

But Gomulka had his chance to get tough with the Russians a few weeks later when Moscow took umbrage at his cavalier firing of Marshal Rokossovsky. A delegation of the Soviet Party Presidium came flying into Warsaw and Khrushchev stepped out, arms flailing, shouting insults at the Poles. Gomulka was calm. When Khrushchev asked, "Who is that?" Gomulka replied, "It is I, Gomulka, the man you sent to jail." The Russians' *coup de théâtre* flopped because one of Gomulka's supporters had taken the precaution of arming the workers of the Zeran works, and another, the new secret police boss, had put a discreet cordon of tanks around the parliament house and changed the guard at Radio Warsaw. After listening patiently to Khrushchev's harangue, Gomulka said quietly: "Now it is my turn. I don't want to speak here, but in a radio studio. Tonight I am going to tell the people the truth—what you're demanding and what we're refusing." Khrushchev climbed down, agreed to talk over pressing economic questions later in Moscow.

The Moscow trip went off with bands and bunting, and fortnight ago Gomulka returned with a number of small concessions, but no sense of victory. Thousands of Poles, happy and even a little surprised to see him back, jammed the Warsaw station to welcome him, chant and toss bouquets. But to the chanting throng Gomulka would only say: "We went to Moscow and talked to the Soviet leaders as equals, a very important thing for us. We put an end to the great differences between Soviet words and Soviet deeds. Polish-Soviet friendship can now proceed

without serious obstacles in its way.

The Russians had agreed to forget Poland's past debts, which were largely imaginary. On the credit side was a Russian loan of \$175 million spread over the next two years and a promise of 1,400,000 tons of grain "to help our present difficulties."

Poles were disappointed that Gomulka had agreed to recognize the "workers' regime in Hungary, though Gomulka had refused to endorse Kadar by name. Instead of getting the Red army out of Poland, he had entered into a new military agreement by which six Soviet divisions would remain in Poland, although the upkeep would in future be paid for by Moscow. His reason: "Safeguarding of security and protecting the sanctity of the Oder-Neisse line." The poison sowed by Stalin was still being harvested by Russia.

In his effort to reorganize party government, Gomulka is pursuing some highly unorthodox methods, by Stalin's standards. He has proved himself far more liberal than Tito. He is sending a delegation to study farm cooperatives in the Scandinavian countries, another to look into the U.S. building industry. He realizes that farm collectivization has failed but does not know what to substitute. He promised the Roman Catholic Church that he would permit religious education in the schools in return for the recent freed Cardinal Wysinski's appeal to the followers to keep the peace.

None of these developments appear to change Gomulka's standing with the Russians. But when he approached the U.S. for tentative economic aid, Moscow cracked down hard. Nor was Moscow standing for multi-party government along the lines accepted by Premier Nagy in Hungary's five days of freedom. So Gomulka bluntly last week: "There will be no freedom for bourgeois (Western type) political parties in this country. For the anarchy which is the real threat to his power he had a warning: "We shall combat ruthlessly provocateurs, scum, and all those who disturb public order, threaten, or commit lynching."

Although Gomulka had won the esteem and even the affection of his people, standing up to Russia, he was also doing a fine job of keeping Poland inside the Soviet orbit. At this moment of history, his peculiar balance between Communism and patriotism makes him the ideal leader to both sides.

He sits in a desperate middle: if Poles are content for now to seek to alleviate rather than to overthrow Communism, it is because, watching Hungary's revolt with anguished sympathy, they see that other nations will not come to their aid, and they know that Russia is far more determined to hold a neighboring Poland than a distant Hungary.

But the Poles also want change. If they become disillusioned with Gomulka's performance, or if the Russians think he is being pulled too far, the whole precarious experiment could come crashing down. But things cannot remain immovable. The current of freedom is running deep and wide through Poland.

## It's a blue Monday for Miss Merkel...



Weeks ago she tore a cartilage in her knee. Still very painful. Now, the Doc says, "We'll have to operate!"



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## Taming a Tiger

Hungary's puppet Premier Janos Kadar, whose own fingernails were once pulled out by Communist torturers, last week proclaimed his intention of crushing the Hungarian revolution. "A tiger cannot be tamed by bait," he said. "It can be tamed and forced to peace only by beating it to death."

But the tiger that was the Hungarian revolution refused to be killed. Defiantly, Delegate Sandor Eckmann of the Budapest Central Workers' Council told Kadar to his face: "The real power in Hungary today, apart from the armed forces, is in the hands of the workers' councils. They have the masses at their disposal." It was a struggle in which neither side had the upper hand, and the result was misery, but not surrender.

What Kadar feared most was the establishment of a nationwide coalition of workers' councils that might turn into a kind of parliament. When, at midweek, an organization calling itself the "National Central Workers' Council" began to set up shop in Budapest, Kadar's police moved in on it. Two days later, worried by the proliferation of clandestine newsheets, the police seized every duplicating machine they could lay hands on.

**No Quorum.** Kadar flatly rejected, one by one, virtually every demand the workers' councils had made upon his government. He refused to bring former Premier Imre Nagy back into the government. He could not see his way clear to allowing the establishment of more political parties "under prevailing circumstances." (His own Communist Party, under a new name, the Socialist Workers, had been unable to muster a quorum at some meetings, and in the Csepel metalworks, once known as "Red Csepel," the party has so far enrolled only 360 out of 38,000 workers.)

At first the workers were prepared to dicker and, to indicate their reasonableness, agreed to "suspend" their demand for Nagy's return. But when Kadar proved unwilling to make any real concessions, they began to fight back. Angered by his refusal to allow them to publish a paper, the Budapest Workers' Council exhorted all Hungarians to boycott the government press. Ominously strike leaders warned Kadar that his obduracy might force them to plunge the country into "total anarchy."

Once again Kadar's Russian masters moved to his rescue. "By night," reported *TIME* Correspondent Edgar Clark from Budapest, "the city is usually quiet and no Hungarians are abroad after the 9 o'clock curfew. Late last Saturday night and early Sunday morning it was different. The sporadic flourish of small arms fire and an occasional artillery shot echoed and re-echoed from the hills of Buda. Reinforcements of Soviet tanks were moving into the city. They came because Budapest streets were littered on Saturday afternoon with leaflets calling for a 'total strike' in the name of the Budapest Workers' Council."

"A few hours after the leaflets appeared a representative of the Workers' Council

went on Radio Budapest to deny that they had been issued by the council. He warned that they were false and provocative, and urged the people to disregard them. In many homes electricity was off, and so was the radio. But fortunately the telephone still worked, and despite the curfew word gradually got around.

"All night long the city held its breath, while a few bursts of firing and the rumble of armor were heard. At daybreak a Hungarian sighed with relief: 'They did not shoot up the town again.'"

On Sunday thousands of people went to the cemetery to look through rows of unidentified bodies lying in plain wooden coffins. They were searching for a missing brother or son among the 35,000 dead in Budapest's six weeks of revolt.



CHOU & NEHRU  
Cunning, cool and curious.

## INDIA

### The Smiling Man

Smiling, sleek and self-effacing, his air transport borne aloft on a rosette cloud of good will, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai last week dropped in to New Delhi to pay a call on Jawaharlal Nehru. As blandly charming and tactful as Khrushchev and Bulganin had been blunt and boorish just a year ago, Chou seemed determined to win a smile from Nehru, who was just a mite disillusioned about his Russian friends. As he stepped from his plane, Chou cheerfully endured the perils of a blizzard of tossed rose petals and the weight of garlands of marigolds flung about his neck by impulsive Indian schoolgirls. He was still smiling a day later when the smoke of a large firecracker, exploding with the roar of a bomb at one of the rallies, at last cleared away.

Indians responded to the Communist blandishments with a will. "*Hindi Chini Bhai Bhai*," they shouted at the Red leader—"India and China, brothers, brothers." "If the entire world became one pattern," said Nehru, conceding perhaps a few basic differences between his

government and that of Red China, "interest in life would lessen."

Closeted together for ten hours, Chou and Nehru presumably discussed all the touchy subjects that lay between them: Communist buildup in Nepal and Tibet. Chinese intentions toward Burma and Formosa; but a good deal, if not most, of the talking centered around what Nehru will tell President Eisenhower about Chou when he visits the U.S. later this month. "Now is the time," Chou told U.S. reporters, "to establish better relations. Perhaps that is not the view of the United States, and perhaps John Foster Dulles does not like me, but maybe our successors will be able to get together."

When Nehru returns from his U.S. visit, Chou will pass through New Delhi again to hear what Ike and the Pandit had to say.

## EGYPT

### "We Never Believed"

From the moment Israeli columns plunged into Sinai, what little the outside world learned of the manner in which Gamal Abdel Nasser and his soldiers faced up to the task of defending their country came from the other side, Cairo itself was under heavy censorship. Last week, in the first interview since the Israeli attack, President Nasser gave *TIME* Correspondent John Mecklin the Egyptian version of what happened during the ten-day war.

In the ground-floor office of his unpretentious, concrete house on the outskirts of Cairo, Nasser, in grey slacks and open-necked white shirt, unfolded his story with calm confidence, and with apologies for his hoarseness. ("The doctor told me to stop smoking and talking so much, and those are two things I just can't do.") Two days after the Israeli invasion began, said he, "I was sitting in this office talking to the Indonesian ambassador. Suddenly I heard enemy planes overhead. They were jets, but I realized immediately that they were not Israeli planes. I went to the roof to be sure. These were jet bombers, and the Israelis have no jet bombers. They had to be British."

"Clear Objective." By his own account, the Anglo-French attack caught Nasser flat-footed. "We had never believed any responsible British leader could do it," said he. "When their ultimatum came on October 30th, I had calculated there was no more than a 40% chance they would really take military action. Of course, we refused it—they wanted to occupy Egyptian territory—but we then raised our estimate only to 60% or 70% that they would act. I hadn't thought any man [i.e., Eden] could gamble like this with his vital interests, not only in Egypt but the whole area, a gamble that would affect everything—oil, commerce, pipelines, politics—to a degree that would never be easy to repair even if he achieved military victory."

This was a miscalculation that might easily have proved fatal. "We were caught in a very serious situation," said Nasser. "The bulk of our army was in the middle of the [Sinai] desert facing the Israelis . . . Even in Cairo we had kept only one





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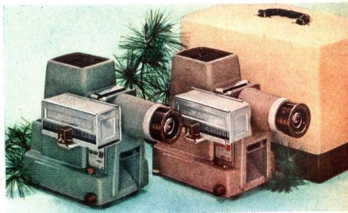
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battalion for the city's defense. Our enemies' clear objective was to draw our troops into Sinai, then occupy the canal, isolate them and cut them to pieces, dealing later with the rest of Egypt at will. Between 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock on the night of October 31st at General Headquarters we made a quick new appreciation of the situation. We decided to withdraw completely from Sinai and concentrate all our activities in the Canal Zone and the Nile Delta."

"Without Success." Until then, Nasser says, operations were not going badly in Sinai: "All our operations had been defensive. For us, war had not begun." His main forces, not yet engaged, planned to mount a counterattack on the seventh or eighth day. The decision to withdraw from Sinai was easier made than carried out. With Egypt's airfields under Anglo-French attack, Nasser could not give his retreating forces air cover. By the time it got back across the Suez Canal, he admitted, the main body of his armored forces had lost 30 out of about 200 Russian T-34s and 50 out of 300 armored cars. At Abu Aweigila, site of the heaviest fighting in Sinai, the Egyptians, according to Nasser, lost another 24 artillery pieces, 24 self-propelled guns and 21 Sherman tanks. Nonetheless, he insisted, the Israelis (who claim to have captured more than 100 tanks and nearly 200 artillery pieces) had won no real victory in Sinai. Said he: "Despite great superiority—three brigades against two battalions—the Israelis attacked Abu Aweigila for three days without success, and finally took it only when our troops had withdrawn."

"No Losses." When it came to explaining his failure to rush reinforcements in to counter the Anglo-French landing at Port Said, Nasser was considerably less explicit. "We may not yet be finished with the British and French," said he, "and I don't want to talk about strategy." By implication, however, he seemed to concede that the Egyptian army, after its frantic rush back from Sinai, simply wasn't able to mount a major effort at Port Said. "We were so deceived about British intentions," said he, "that one of the first things we did after the Israeli attack was to remove the brigade stationed at Port Said and send it to Sinai."

On the critical question of what happened to Egypt's air force, Nasser insisted that, except for one Ilyushin that cracked up on a take-off, all of Egypt's bombers had escaped to other Arab lands. In addition, said he, some of his MIG fighters had taken refuge in Syria. Among the fighters that he had packed off to Syria, Nasser revealed, were some of the new twin-jet, supersonic MIG 17s. "Nobody knew we had any 17s," he boasted, "until one day early in the fighting, when three of them were surprised near an airfield in the Canal Zone. The MIGs turned, shot down three [French] Mysteres and drove off the others with no losses."

Where else besides Syria had his planes taken refuge, Nasser was asked. "After enemy forces withdraw from our territory," grinned the Egyptian strongman, "we shall have many stories to tell."

## LIBYA

### Egyptian Provocation

On the western border of Egypt sits the five-year-old desert nation of Libya, whose chief export is dried sparto grass, and whose income comes largely from giant British and U.S. air bases. Its people are so poorly educated that Egypt eagerly supplies it with teachers, professional men, even government officials.

Last week Libya's aged King Idris showed himself surprisingly independent of his ambitious neighbor Nasser. Opening the Libyan Parliament, he stressed the "strongest resentment at the aggression of which our sister state, Egypt, has been



LIBYA'S KING IDRIS  
Out of the dry grass, fresh spirit.

a victim," and asked for a "review" of Libya's treaty with Britain. But this done, Libya itself bravely stood up to Egypt.

The Colonel. Chief provocation was one Colonel Ishmail Sadek, who had turned up in Libya as Egypt's military attaché. He proclaimed something called the "Front for the Struggle of the Libyan People," with the announced objective of organizing "the people's resistance to the oppressive imperialists." The colonel made speeches, organized demonstrations, and ignored police warnings. When the British attacked Egypt, the colonel redoubled his efforts. Despite the fact that the Libyan government declared its wholehearted support of Egypt, and required British forces to remain at their bases, Colonel Sadek proclaimed that it was the "servant of imperialism." In the first few days after the assault, his "Front" managed to blow up one section of the pipeline carrying oil from Tripoli's port to Wheelus Field, had bombs thrown at Barclays Bank and a small Jewish store. The

Prime Minister himself protested to the Egyptian embassy. The colonel responded by smuggling 28 cases of automatic arms into the embassy, and (said a Libyan government communiqué later) "incited some persons to throw bombs inside Tripoli."

This was too much. The Libyan government asked him to leave. The irrepressible colonel refused to. When Libyan police surrounded the Egyptian embassy, the colonel took up position on the roof with a machine gun, while leaflets poured out into the streets of Tripoli exhorting the citizens to protest. For three days the siege went on, with the colonel appearing at intervals on the roof to flourish his machine gun and peer hopefully down the street for rioting demonstrators to answer his call. None came, and Colonel Sadek disconsolately agreed to depart.

Closing School. The colonel might have been exceeding his instructions. But the Libyans were taking no chances. Last week the government fired its Egyptian attorney general, expelled seven of Libya's 600 Egyptian teachers, and, just to be sure the remainder had no chance to foment further trouble, closed all schools until further notice.

## KENYA

### Twilight of a Terrorist

Day after day, in the shade of the great jacaranda tree outside the courthouse at Nyeri, an old woman squatted, moodily scratching the vermin beneath her filthy rags. Inside, on trial for his life before a British judge and a jury of three Kikuyu elders from his native village, was her son, Dedan Kimathi, 36, self-styled Field Marshal, Knight Commander of the African Empire, President of the Parliament of Kenya and Commander in Chief of the Land Liberation Army, the man once feared through all Kenya as the leader of some 10,000 Mau Mau terrorists.

Riddled with venereal disease, still crippled from a bullet wound sustained at his capture in the jungle last month, a leader without an army, betrayed even by his mistress, Kimathi had only the memory of past power to sustain him. Despite the fact that it carried the death penalty, even the charge against him—carrying a loaded revolver—was a humiliation to a chieftain who had once ordained life and death for hundreds. His defense was a meek plea that he was coming out of the forest to surrender when he was captured. "But he could have surrendered to a police post nearer home," one of the Kikuyu elders at the trial pointed out, and the other two agreed. "Kimathi did not come out of the forest as a man of peace," they said, making the court's verdict of guilty unanimous. "The witnesses lie," sneered Dedan Kimathi, but Chief Justice Sir Kenneth O'Connor thought not. His sentence: Kimathi to be hung by the neck until dead. As an ambulance carried Kimathi away from the courthouse, a crowd of impassive Kikuyu natives watched in stony silence.

From the shade beneath the jacaranda tree the old woman in rags stared at her son's Kikuyu judges and spat in the dust.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### Hit-Run Revolt

Even for hot-tempered Cuba, 1956 has been a violent year. In October the two top policemen of the country were shot dead (and ten suspects mowed down by the cops). Earlier, a plan to assassinate President Fulgencio Batista was nipped, a provincial garrison was assaulted (eleven dead), an army plot was unmasked and 13 officers jailed. But what was supposed to be the main uprising was still to come. Last week it began.

The leader was a well-born, well-to-do daredevil of 29, named Fidel Castro. As chief of a 1953 uprising in eastern Santiago de Cuba, the island's No. 2 city, Lawyer Castro had been jailed, amnestied, exiled. In Mexico this year he pulled together a ragtag force, dubbed it the July 26 Movement (for the date of the Santiago attack), drilled it at a ranch near Mexico City. Last month Castro, crying "Liberty or death in 1956," called on Strongman Batista to step down and form a national unity government or face revolution. In Havana Castro's followers painted "This is the year" on walls.

Just before dawn one day last week, the revolt got under way—again in Santiago. Machine gunners, in olive-drab uniforms with black-and-red armbands marked "26 de Julio," fired on police headquarters. At the same time they tossed grenades and gasoline bombs on the building from a nearby rooftop and burned it down, while ammunition popped inside. For a time the attackers roamed the area freely, looting a hardware store for weapons. At other towns—Holguin, Guantánamo, Cienfuegos, Santa Clara—other Castro-men rebelled.

Troops from Santiago's Moncada barracks quickly regained control of the deserted streets for the government as the rebels melted away without a stand. Next day they were back, sharpshooting from rooftops. Batista sent planes and 400 more troops, and arrested known opponents of his government by the hundreds.

By early this week most of the shooting had died down (dead so far: 13). But the government believed that Castro was somewhere on the island, and Mexico City news reports indicated that Castro's irregulars might be heading for Yucatan, a mere 130 miles from Cuba. Batista declared modified martial law in Pinar del Rio, the indicated beachhead if Castro planned a small-boat invasion.

## CANADA

### Declaration of Independence

Canada's stand in the Middle East crisis, though widely admired abroad, came under bitter criticism at home last week. At an emergency session of Parliament, the strongly pro-British Tory Party hotly assailed the government for its refusal to back the British-French attack on Egypt



REBEL LEADER CASTRO  
Liberty or death?

and for siding with the U.S. in bringing about a cease-fire. Canada had acted as "a chore boy for the U.S.," charged the Tories, and had "encouraged our enemies and embarrassed our friends."

The bitterness of the Tory attack angered Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent who had, until then, been scrupulously careful not to criticize Britain publicly. He fired back the blunt charge that Britain, France and Israel had "taken the law into their own hands." Snapped St. Laurent: "The era when the supermen of Europe could govern the whole world is coming pretty close to an end."

With equal firmness but less heat, External Affairs Secretary Lester Pearson pointed out that Britain had failed to advise Canada of its Middle East plans. Lacking prior consultation, Canada went to the U.N. and voted independently. "If a resolution is right, we vote for it," Pearson said. "It is bad to be a chore boy for the United States. It is equally bad to be a colonial chore boy, running around shouting 'Ready, aye, ready!'"

Pearson's declaration of independence won Parliament's solid approval. Shortly after he spoke, the house voted 171 to 36 against a Tory no-confidence motion.

### Wide Open Door

Canada dug deeper into its purse and opened its immigration doors wide last week for the refugees from Hungary. Revamping and liberalizing its whole program of refugee relief, the government:

❑ Increased the original appropriation for loans to immigrants from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000.

❑ Removed all limits on Hungarian immigration. Canada will admit as many refugees as want to come, requiring no

character references or rigid physical examinations. Explained an immigration officer: "About all a Hungarian will have to do is be alive."

❑ Promised free transportation to Canada by plane or ship, instead of the original plan to give the immigrants government transportation loans (repayable in two years). Canadian Pacific and Trans-Canada Air Lines have already begun government-chartered flights from Vienna, while Canada-bound ships from Europe have been asked to take aboard as many as they can accommodate, regardless of the expense. Said a government official: "We're just telling them: 'Get the people here, and then we'll settle up.'"

As soon as word of Canada's more generous relief program reached Europe, there was a rush of refugees to the Canadian immigration office in Vienna. About 1,000 visas had been issued, at the rate of 100 applicants a day, under the government-loan scheme; the daily rate rose to 300 after the new free transportation offer was announced.

## PANAMA

### Family Austerity

Tiburcio, the imaginary Mr. Everyman of Panama, who ordinarily dismisses a government economy drive as little more than whimsical propaganda, thoughtfully withdrew his tongue from his cheek last week. The first budget by Ernesto de la Guardia, the austerity-preaching new President:

❑ Abolished the job of collector of delinquent taxes, which in recent years paid the lucky incumbent anywhere from \$3,000 to \$14,000 a month in 20% commissions on the funds recovered. Salaried civil servants will take over the collecting. The big loser: Carlos de la Guardia, the President's brother, who got the job under the last administration.

❑ Slapped a \$1,000-a-month limit on the amount of consular fees (for ship registrations, invoices, etc.) that consuls are entitled to pocket, ordered anything over that sum to be turned in to the treasury. Prospective loser: newly appointed New York Consul Roberto de la Guardia, the President's brother-in-law and distant kinsman, who could have collected as much as \$5,000 a month as his legal cut of consular fees.

❑ Closed four embassies (in Austria, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland). Losers: assorted political creditors and relatives who had looked forward to an easy, well-paid tour of duty abroad.

❑ Docked official expense allowances. One loser: President de la Guardia himself, whose expense account went down from \$750 a month to \$600.

Mainly because of a big road-building program, the budget still hit a record \$52 million. But "Ernestito" de la Guardia hoped that his economies, plus future cost-sharing, would make the budget balance.

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Celebrating 90 years of progress in the art and science of watchmaking, Longines has produced a series of watches of unsurpassed excellence and elegance. These are our finest achievement. In the Longines 90th Anniversary collection there is a watch for every taste — for every need. For ladies, there are casual and dress styles

Longines Christmas Duets of unparalleled splendor. Left: the 18K gold diamond "Twins"—Chancellor, 44 diamonds, \$475 and

in wide variety, many enriched with diamonds. In Longines men's watches there are highly perfected automatics, coin-thin dress watches, handsome weather-proof watches. Give a Longines 90th Anniversary watch — the price may be as little as \$71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

Diamond Coronation, 34 diamonds, \$375; right: elegant Louis, \$125 and ultra-thin Pres. McKinley, \$150 — both 14K gold. Available throughout Canada at Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler Agencies

## Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news.

Setting aside his drawing tools for a moment, Britain's best-known cartoonist, aging (65) **David Low**, writing for the New York *Times* Magazine, deplored, from a caricaturist's viewpoint, the post-Stalin decline of "the cult of personality." Lamented Low: "There has been a steady decline in striking personality as compared with pre-war yesterday, with its **Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Gandhi, Churchill, Roosevelt** and company . . . **Eisenhower** offers opportunities, certainly, with his curiously shaped skull and short, wide face, but nobody could say he was a cartoonist's delight . . . Things are even worse with the British. If you found **Anthony Eden** and **Hugh Gaitskell** sitting across from you in a train, you probably wouldn't look at either of them twice."

When he ran for re-election in 1954, Rhode Island's sprightly Democratic Senator **Theodore Francis Green** got mad, as Democrats will, at the Republicans. "They said I was too old to run for Senator again, and that people would vote against me," he recalls. "I said I had made up my mind to serve until I am 100, and that ended that!" In London last week, after ten days in Paris as a NATO conference delegate, Senator Green, 89, became "the oldest man ever to serve in the Congress, surpassing the record of North Carolina's late Democratic Representative **Robert ("Muley") Doughton**, whose term ended in 1953 when Doughton was 89 years 361 days. Then, thinking lots of walking and other exercise for his longevity, Eldest Statesman Green, a bachelor who drinks an occasional cocktail and smokes not even cornsilk, rushed to West



SENATOR GREEN  
Century declared.

International

Germany and a banquet honoring him as the oldest living ex-student of the University of Bonn.

More than five years after the death of Press Lord **William Randolph Hearst**, executors of his estate filed the final accounting of its assets: \$59,505,638.50, most of which will go to the William Randolph Hearst Foundation (which promotes sundry good works exclusively in the U.S. and its possessions).

Looking like an uneasy fugitive from a Frans Hals painting, U.S. Ambassador to West Germany **James B. Conant**, 63, dolled himself up in traditional Renaissance plumage, then proudly accepted an



AMBASSADOR CONANT  
Century recalled.

International

honorary Doctor of Natural Science degree from the University of Hamburg. Harvard's former Prexy Conant, whose sheepskins could cover a large flock, now boasts more than 40 honorary diplomas.

Baseball's newest immortal, New York Yankee Hurler **Don Larsen**, 27, who last October pitched the only perfect game in World Series history, finally got around to paying his estranged wife, mother of his 16-month-old daughter, some \$400 in support arrears. Then Vivian Larsen, a former Baltimore telephone operator married to Larsen last year, dropped her separation suit against him, thus unfroze Larsen's \$8,714.76 share of series money.

At his Hyde Park Gate home in London, **Sir Winston Churchill**, physically feeble and mentally overwhelming, turned 82, presided over a small family party that included an assault on a spectacular cake topped off with 82 candles shaped in Sir Winston's "V" for victory trademark.



SIR WINSTON & GRANDDAUGHTER  
Century anticipated.

When photographers outside clamored for him, Churchill came to a window with wife Clementine and gap-toothed granddaughter Arabella, 7, daughter of Randolph. After posing indoors for other lenses, Churchill heard a game try at felicitations from one, "Sir Winston," called the photographer, "I hope to take your picture on your hundredth birthday!" The man turned and regarded the well-wisher with a scorching glare leavened with trace of a smile. "I see no reason why I shouldn't, young man," rumbled he. "I look hale and hearty enough!"

Free to speak frankly over Congressional perennials to cough up adequate funds for Foreign Service personnel, retiring U.S. Ambassador to Italy **Clifford Luce** told a Manhattan audience that such legislative parsimony is "folly, the point of national suicide." Said Mr. Luce: "When you think of the billions that we have spent abroad to prevent our own atomic annihilation, it seems foolish to deny a comparatively small sum for the very service which is working hardest to prevent it."

Away from it all for three weeks, a seaside bungalow called "Goldenrod" on Jamaica's north coast, Britain's weary Prime Minister **Sir Anthony Eden** tried to forget all about the Suez Canal and environs by listening to the personalized serenade of a local clypeo band. Sample of the topical lyrics sung to him:

No more Nasser's crimes,  
But ever beautiful Jamaica rhymes,  
Jamaicans hope you'll be contented,  
Taking that infidel for granted,  
Now we hope you'll enjoy your stay,  
Down in Oracabessa Bay.

Meanwhile, in London, the Laborite *Daily Mirror* announced an essay contest on the question of what course Britain should now take in the Suez area. Irreverent prize promised the winning essayist: three weeks in Jamaica.





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# Parker 61

*The only fountain pen that fills itself by itself  
...it has no moving parts!*

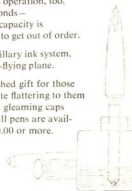
Unique, as a pen and as a gift, is the newly-created Parker 61. It is unlike any other pen you have ever seen or used—an inspired invention.

As you can tell at a glance, it has classic beauty, the elegance of great simplicity. And great simplicity marks its operation, too, for the Parker 61 pen fills itself by itself in 10 seconds—no pumping, squeezing, twisting, nothing. Its ink capacity is conveniently oversize. And it has no moving part to get out of order.

The Parker 61, with its frankly revolutionary capillary ink system, writes effortlessly, clearly always—even in a high-flying plane.

In its first Christmas Season, this is the distinguished gift for those friends who appreciate the new, the unusual—quite flattering to them and to you. You have a choice of rich colors and gleaming caps—sheathed in sterling silver and 12 carat gold. All pens are available with matching pencils. The Parker 61 is \$20.00 or more.

The Parker 61, alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly—through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just 10 seconds—the shining point need never be dipped in ink.



# Here's One Of Santa's Prize Packages



## *Telephones as Christmas Gifts*

If you order early, we'll do our best to install your gift telephones before Christmas. If that isn't possible, then we'll come around after Christmas and install them wherever you wish.

There's a new idea in gifts and it's one of the best in a long, long time. It's the idea of giving telephones for Christmas.

Few things are so sure to be appreciated by everybody. For when you give someone an additional telephone you give three of the greatest gifts of all—comfort, convenience and security. And "it's fun to phone."

So this year, make it something different and "give the gift you'd like to get."

Save steps and work for Mother by giving her an additional telephone, for the kitchen or bedroom.

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Reward the teen-agers who are growing up so fast with a telephone for their very own. (That could be a break for you, too!)

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



# TELEVISION & RADIO

## Ph-h-h-t

Memo from Girl Friday: Gossipist Walter Winchell and his radio sponsor have ph-h-h-t. Happened four weeks ago, even before his spitting with TV, because sponsor, Seaboard Drug Co., feared consequences of columnist's "long series of offensive remarks" about Adlai Stevenson on his weekly newscast. Sponsor kept it quiet to give Mutual time to dig up fresh scratch (WW's weekly take: \$5,000), but Winchell began sniping at Seaboard Drug in newspaper column. Sponsor exploded. "Malicious, libelous and untrue," said Seaboard President Harry Patterson. "The man has gone mad."

## What Price Culture?

When George Bernard Shaw and Giacomo Puccini brightened TV screens last week, the countinghouse critics scoffed; CULTURE GETS TRENDX SHELLACKING headlined *Variety*. Indeed, the 90-minute live *Hallmark Hall of Fame* production of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, starring Maurice Evans and Joan Greenwood, ran behind its opposition with a Trendex rating of 12. And the *Ed Sullivan Show* fell off eight points to 33 as it featured Prima Donna Maria Meneghini Callas and Baritone George London in an 18-minute scene from *Tosca*.

But the figures were misleading. Sullivan's 33 was still imposing enough to keep him well up among the top ten shows; his previous week's score had been freakishly high because he had shown clips from an Elvis Presley movie. Estimated audience for the *Tosca* scene: 40 million—enough to keep Manhattan's Met filled for almost 20 years. Sullivan's deal with the Met calls for four more operatic scenes starring such performers as Mario del Monaco, Renata Tebaldi and Dorothy Kirsten. Said he: "We certainly have no plans to change our opera dates. This was just the shot in the arm our show needed because you can always put on the Rosemary Clooney, the Julius La Rosas and the acrobats."

*Man and Superman* was played with all the high style of Actor-Manager Evans' Broadway hit production of 1947—and seen by perhaps 15 million viewers, roughly 45 times the paying customers who attended all 150 performances. Said Sponsor Joyce C. Hall: "I would rather have a satisfied 8 million in the audience than a dissatisfied 24 million."

## The Good Seed

When he was only five, David Daniel Kaminski, lean, red-haired son of a Russian-born garment worker, made his professional debut as a watermelon seed in a play at Brooklyn's P.S. 149. Within 25 years, the little seed had sprouted into a big U.S. buffoon called Danny Kaye. Comedian Kaye mugged, mimicked and gitzigatilted through vaudeville and such hit Broadway shows as *Lady in the Dark*, was carefully nourished in Sam Goldwyn's

Hollywood hothouse, and had his own radio show. For ten years of playing to packed houses, he never ventured to play the biggest house of all—television. But Entertainer Kaye found reason to want TV's vast stage as much as TV wanted him, and the engagement was made. This week came the marriage, and a happy event it was.

Kaye's TV debut, *The Secret Life of Danny Kaye*, on CBS's *See It Now*, was a 90-minute film of one of the most widely staged and widely publicized benefits in show-business history. The subject: Kaye's

were no shooting schedules, no rehearsals, no retakes and none of the familiar TV tinsel and dross—but a lot of unfamiliar spontaneity and holiday glow.

Though Kaye has refused offers of up to \$250,000 for a one-shot TV show, he did *Secret Life* for no pay, as the latest chapter in 3½ years and 100,000 miles of traveling, performing and moviemaking on behalf of UNICEF. He paid his own expenses, carried only "a little bag of dried fruit, a little match stick on which to jot down little notes, and a pair of comfortable shoes." Kaye, 43, found it a strenuous but gratifying effort. "The important thing I learned," he says, "is that through the medium of TV . . . if we can help to



DANNY KAYE WITH HANDICAPPED CHILDREN IN ROME  
Laughter scaled the language barrier.

bone-bruising, tongue-twisting, 35,000-mile junket around most of the world on behalf of the nonpolitical United Nations Children's Fund, The stars: Danny Kaye in a multitude of piquant, nimble versions, and hundreds of the 40 million underprivileged children who have received milk, shoes and medical aid from UNICEF. The show was filmed by two CBS-TV camera crews over a seven-week tour of three continents and brilliantly edited (from 240,000 ft. to 10,000 ft.) by *See It Now* Producers Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly, and by Kaye and his wife, Lyricist Sylvia Fine.

**A Bag of Fruit.** The plot of the show was nothing more than Kaye's merry Pied-Piping through the villages, homes and affections of children in 14 countries. There were no obtrusive reminders of UNICEF's constant need for funds. The film's chief purpose, says Kaye, "is to bring to the attention of the people of the world what UNICEF is doing."<sup>9</sup> There

better understand the problem of the world's children, the world might be well on its way to understanding itself."

**A Riff of Jazz.** To light up the TV screen, Kaye lit up the small faces of thousands of impoverished, diseased children, and usually found himself drawing laughter from people who had little else to laugh about. ("My type of diplomacy," he says, "is limited to the little world of laughter.") He cavorted with a leper ("a mixture of the Lindy Hop and tribal ritual") in Nigeria, impersonated a flamenco dancer in Madrid, sang jazz "riffs" to band members in Yugoslavia and led them through a song (*I Never Knew*) they had never heard. In a Rome school for handicapped children (see cut), he learned a Neapolitan folk song, *Cin Cin Bella*, and in Morocco he flipped flies off the scabrous faces of grimy boys stricken with trachoma. "These kids hold up their cups and say, 'UNICEF please.' They think it's the word for milk. It's very touching."

**Competent Idiot.** He soon found that children everywhere he went not only looked alike but had the same reactions. "Any time an adult makes a fool of himself for children he establishes a basis

<sup>9</sup> Under arrangements made by UNICEF and the U.N., the show was shown simultaneously on television this week in 25 other countries, including Russia.



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for communication. And I'm an extremely competent idiot."

Kaye also elbow-rubbed with Sir Anthony Eden, Tito, Italy's President Gronchi, the King and Queen of Greece, David Ben-Gurion, the Sultan of Morocco, Pope Pius XII. "Regardless of their politics, they all felt the same way: that the health and welfare of their countries depend on children, and unless adults provide them with the opportunity to develop, there will be no world in years to come."

### Jazz Age

Almost as soon as the '20s stopped roaring, they began echoing, and are echoing still, in music, novels, memoirs and even women's fashions. To produce an echo that would come closest to what the '20s would call the real McCoy, television turned to its indispensable ally, the cinema. Four film searchers took 800 hours to view all they could find of the decade's imprint on celluloid. Out of it they culled 23 hours of film for NBC Producer Henry (Victory at Sea) Salomon and his *Project 20* staff. This week (Thurs., 10 p.m., E.S.T., NBC) TV viewers can see the result: *The Jazz Age*, which boils ten gaudy years down to 54 lively minutes.

In the boiling, Writers Salomon and Richard Hanser lost or overlooked some of the decade's juicy memories, e.g., the Scopes "monkey" trial, marathon dancing, flagpole sitting, Billy Sunday, the bathing beauty, Florida's real-estate boom, the Sacco-Vanzetti case—even (unaccountably) the advent of radio broadcasting. But the '20s had flavor to spare, and *Jazz Age* catches the tangy essences that should send oldtimers on a sentimental binge and plunge the younger set into wistful incredulity.

There is a pitiless closeup of an ailing, sorrowing Woodrow Wilson, after he had lost his crusade for internationalism—and an equally telling shot of Warren G. Harding as he testily misses a short putt. The Ku Klux Klan parades in great billowing ranks down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue and through a flare-lit initiation ceremony in a Georgia glade. J. P. Morgan stares inscrutably through a Wall Street window. Josephine Baker struts her stuff at the U.S.-tourist-packed Folies-Bergère. Al Capone waddles contemptuously in and out of a courthouse. Babe Ruth rounds the bases. Lindy goes into a teetering take-off to make history—and international pandemonium. (The searchers tried but never could track down one storied shot of young Ernest Hemingway feeding a martini to a poodle in Harry's Bar in Paris.) Somewhat less authentically, but no less evocatively, the movie puts together the story of the speakeasy, the gangster, and the upheaval in manners and morals largely out of clips from such forgotten contemporary films as *Hot Money* and *Follies of Youth*.

Nothing in *Jazz Age* is more stirringly nostalgic than its sound track. Arrange Robert Russell Bennett has woven together 18 songs, e.g., *Dardanella*, *Chicago*, *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*, in the orches-



Edward Jennett, Division H

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Mr. Jennett heads Division H at The First National Bank of Chicago, the Division financing investment dealers and brokers. One afternoon, after wire transactions were closed, he received an urgent phone call.

Ownership of a public utility was at stake and two member firms of an investment group needed \$15,000,000. *Immediately.* Could Division H approve the loan at once?

Ed Jennett knew all members of the investment group and the utility—and his perception of the time element was keen. 26 of his 31 years at our bank have been spent loaning money. Visiting stock exchanges, in committee meetings, at his desk, he constantly gleans investment information. His decision: affirmative.

The money was wired. Before the end of the day, the closing purchase of the great utility was effected.

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tral style of the period, and orchestrated *Hallelujah* with the clack of a stock ticker as its motif. The narration of the film the second in a *Project 20* trilogy (first: *The Great War*; third: *The Story of the Thirties*), is redolent with the decade's slangy idiom, from "Let's get blotto" to "Nerts." Better yet, not only for its authentic ring but for its unforeseen link to the unsummonable past, the idiom is spoken in the friendly, adenoidal singsong of Comedian Fred Allen, who died last March soon after finishing the job.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Dec. 6. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**Person to Person** (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow visits Actress Anita Ekberg. Whimsyist Ludwig Bemelmans.

**New Figures of 1957** (Sat. 1 p.m., NBC). Holiday fashions presented by Designers Lilly Daché, Adele Simpson.

**Famous Film Festival** (Sat. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Part II of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*, with Jean Simmons.

**Perry Como Show** (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Pearl Bailey, Guy Lombardo, Spike Jones.

**National Auto Show** (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). A video showcase of the 1957 cars.

**Air Power** (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). *Battle of Britain*, with the recorded voice of Sir Winston Churchill, narration of Actor Michael Redgrave.

**Omnibus** (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). *The Art of Murder*, a homicide as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Allan Poe, Rex Stout would variously present it.

**The Alcoa Hour** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Adventure in Diamonds*, true story of Dutch gem merchants and Nazi plunderers, with Gary Merrill, Viveca Lindfors, Robert Fleming (color).

**Producer's Showcase** (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Sol Hurok's *Festival of Music*, with Artur Schnabel, Marian Anderson, Andrés Segovia, Richard Tucker, Narrator Jose Ferrer.

**Robert Montgomery Presents** (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Sally Benson's *The Young and the Beautiful*, with Lee Remick, Douglas Watson (color).

**Studio One** (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Rachel*, with Maureen Stapleton as Mrs. Andrew Jackson.

**Comedy in Music** (Tues. 9 p.m., CBS). Victor Borge's one-man tomfoolery.

**Middleweight Championship** (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). Sugar Ray Robinson v. Gene Fullmer from Madison Square Garden.

### RADIO

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Maria Callas, Sordello, Campora.

**Philadelphia Orchestra** (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Conductor Eugene Ormandy.

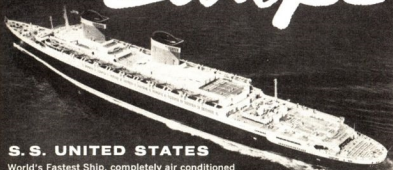
**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Paul Paray.

**Boston Symphony** (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Conductor: Charles Munch.

**Biographies in Sound** (Tues. 8:35 p.m., NBC). Robert Benchley.

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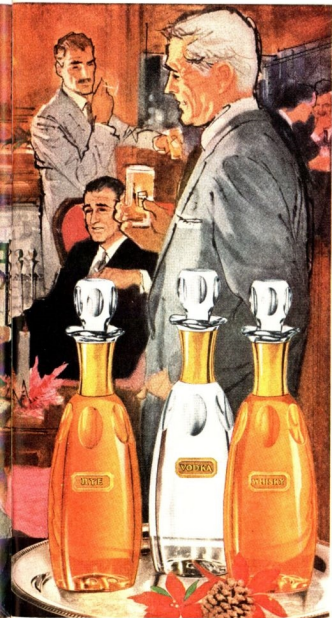
DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 90 PROOF • CAVALIER VODKA, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN 103 AND 80 PROOF • OLD HICKORY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY, 86 PROOF. ALSO AVAILABLE IN BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF



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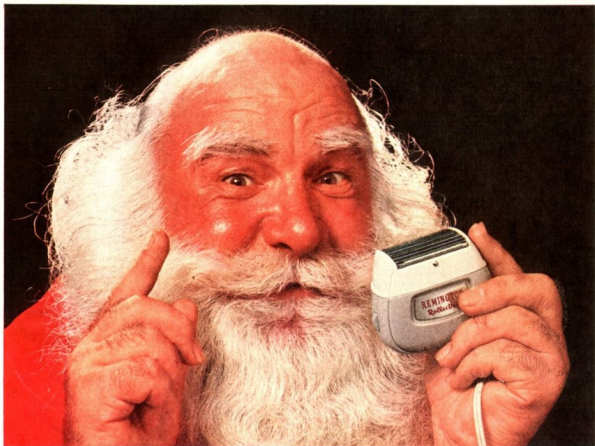
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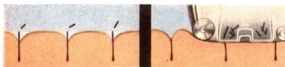


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# SPORT

## Citius, Altius, Fortius

Time after time last week, the Royal Australian Air Force band blared *The Star-Spangled Banner* to signal a U.S. victory in the 1956 Olympic Games—so often that wags in Melbourne's Stadium suggested a switch to *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Still, competition on the field added up to something less than a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Though the Russians fared worse than expected in the major track and field events (they good-naturedly gave Americans and others some of the two dozen victory cakes they had ordered on arrival), they scored points in almost everything they tried, and made the Games of the XVI Olympiad a lively, if unofficial, competition between the world's two chief competitors. The roaring stadium crowd of 100,000 was treated to a daily succession of sensational performances. Some of them:

### Decathlon

The toughest Olympic test of all had been all but conceded to U.C.L.A.'s World Record Holder Rafer Johnson. The U.S. Navy's and Indiana U.'s Milt Campbell, runner-up to 1952 Champion Bob Mathias at Helsinki, and an even huskier broth of a boy four years later, had other ideas. "The good Lord," said Campbell, had told him to try the decathlon rather than the hurdles, and the young (23) Negro poured it on in almost every event. Only a surprisingly poor showing in the pole vault (11 ft. 1½ in.) kept Campbell from breaking Rafer Johnson's world record of 7,985 points. But he scored only 48 points less than that, to top Mathias' Olympic mark and enthrone himself as the greatest all-round athlete in the world.



DECATHLON WINNER CAMPBELL  
A bit of advice from the Lord.

### 800 Meters

For most of two laps on the brick-tinted cinders, the U.S. Army's Tom Courtney and his smooth-striding teammate Arnie Sowell of Pittsburgh scrapped for the lead. "I have been trying for three years to call on some extra quality in the stretch," said Courtney later, "and 20 yards from the wire I realized this was the moment. But my legs were dead. I couldn't run. I was all in. I told myself that this was not an 800-meter race but one of 20 yards. I only had to run 20 yards—and I was panicky." By this time, Britain's Derek Johnson had sliced into the lead. A man passed so late in the 800-meter run never recovers—or almost



800-METER WINNER COURTNEY  
An ultimate ounce of quality.

never, Tom Courtney suddenly discovered the ultimate ounce of extra quality he had been hunting for ("Something made me catch the guy"), got back up on his toes, and strained past Johnson to set an Olympic record of 1:47.7.

### 5,000 Meters

For the second time, Russia's remarkable distance machine Vladimir Kuts, a 29-year-old navy lieutenant or an army captain—depending on which Russian a foreigner talks to—gave the crowd a great display of distance running, and the band an excuse to play *Soyuz Nerukhny* (Union Indissoluble). After outrunning and outsmarting Britain's Gordon Pirie in a 10,000-meter demonstration of brilliantly employed endurance, Kuts came back five days later to do it all over again in the equally demanding 5,000-meter race.



DOUBLE WINNER KUTS  
A brilliant application of endurance.

### Shotput

As everyone expected, U.S. Muscleman Parry O'Brien (TIME, Dec. 3) won the shotput with impressive ease, taking the title as he should have, by breaking his own Olympic record with a 60-ft.-11-in. heave. "They painted the shot and the grip was slippery," said Parry, disappointed at falling short of his 65-ft.-2-in. world record.

### Dashes

Texas Bobby Morrow became the Games' first two-medal winner when he whisked in front to add the 200-meters medal to his 100-meter win. Betty Cuthbert, lithe young lady who raises budgerigars (Australian parakeets) when she isn't flying herself, sent most of sports-loving Australia into a transport by winning another double—the 100-meter and 200-meter races—and then went on to anchor the winning relay team and win her third gold medal of the Games.

### Hurdles

U.S. Navy Lieut. Jack Davis, who got beaten by his teammate Harrison Dillard for the 110-meter high-hurdles championship in a photofinish at Helsinki in 1952, had no better luck at Melbourne. This time Korean War Veteran Lee Calhoun led him by an eyelash in 13.5. A speck of dust back of them came Duke's Joel Shankle, to complete the U.S. sweep.

### Marathon

The long (26 miles, 385 yds.), wind-racking test that commemorates Pheidippides' race to Athens with news of Miltiades' victory at Marathon, turned out to be a triumph for an old campaigner. In 1948 and 1952 France's Okacha-Alain Mimoun lost three distance races to Emil Zatopek; this year the 36-year-old Algerian saved his strength for the longest

race of all, had it all to himself, finished in 2 hrs. 25 min.—less than 2 min. under Old Nemesis Zatopek's Olympic record.

### Swimming & Diving

Australian sprinters left the Americans gasping in the swim tank, and Australian women barely left their competitors get into swimsuits. Otherwise the U.S. squad got off to a splashing start: New Jersey's acrobatic Bob Clotworthy beautifully out-did California's Don Harper for first in springboard diving; Bill Yorzyk won with a 2:19.3 effort in the 200-meter butterfly.

### 400 Meters

Still another expected U.S. point winner was upset when the Army's Lou Jones burned himself out in the first half of the run, but again a champion stepped from behind into the place of a fallen warrior. Villanova's Charley Jenkins nipped Germany's Karl Haas in 46.7, to earn another U.S. gold medal.

### Steeplechase

For a few hours, after hasty judges disqualified Britain's Chris Brasher, the grueling 3,000-meter steeplechase promised to provide one of the Games' few real rubarbs. But after they thought things over, the officials gave Brasher his gold medal, dropped Hungary's Sandor Rozsnyoi back to second place, where even he admitted he belonged.

### 1,500 Meters

Young (21) Irishman Ron Delany, who runs mostly under the blue and white of Philadelphia's Villanova University, ran for Erin to victory and a new Olympic record (3:41.2) in the so-called "metric mile." To do it, he beat three other better-than-four-minute milers, including Australia's John Lindy, whose once wonderful legs are failing him, brought him home a game but gimpy third.

### Basketball

Lanky Bill Russell of the University of San Francisco's 1955 U.S. college champions and his sharpshooting teammates creamed Russia's good but old-fashioned squad 85-55 in a preliminary game, churned them for good in the finals, 89-55.

### Boxing

U.S. Army Lieut. Pete Rademacher flattened Russia's Lev Moukhine, to keep the Olympic heavyweight championship in the U.S. Light-Heavyweight Jim Boyd of Rocky Mount, N.C. decked Rumania's Gheorghe Negrea three times to win a unanimous decision. Russians won the featherweight, the light-welterweight and the middleweight medals.

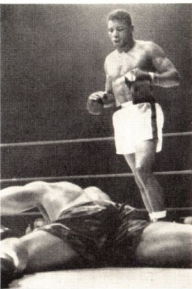
This week the Games moved into the esoteric events—gymnastics, fencing, Greco-Roman wrestling. They were all worth medals just as golden, and they were an opportunity for Russia to close the gap between its unofficial score and the U.S.'s. By week's end, however, the U.S. had 28 gold medals, an unofficial 49.3 points, and claim to the finest track and field team ever assembled.

## The Youngest Ever

Even before the bout started, the young pretender to the heavyweight title assumed the prerogatives of a champion. Floyd Patterson, 21, made Archie Moore, the fading patriarch (39, going on 43) of the prize ring, cool his heels for a quarter-hour before weighing in. Outplayed for perhaps the first time in his garrulous career, Moore sulked silently through the ceremony.

All week long, Moore had talked like a goateed tiger. He was fighting for pay, he reminded everyone in earshot, when this untutored upstart Patterson was still in short pants. Moore was "not without pity" for the kid, but they had sent a boy on a man's errand.

**Smoldering Cigars.** Floyd Patterson, a cool ("He's like ice in a glass," said a trainer), lithe and rope-muscled Negro,



United Press

**WORLD CHAMPION PATTERSON**  
The ice dissolved the storch.

was potentially the youngest champion (as Moore was undoubtedly the oldest). Only a few years before, Patterson had been an underprivileged Brooklyn kid, a tough and aimless truant who ran with the back-street gangs and snarled himself into a school for wayward boys. He came out of a lower East Side gymnasium to win the 1952 Olympic middleweight championship at 17, went on through a passel of rugged amateur scraps and only one defeat in 31 professional fights.

Patterson worked toward boxing's highest throne with class and precision. When he was not working with the gloves on, he was studying movies of Archie's past fights, and, with canny manager Gus D'Amato, planning his battle, round by round. Still, the smart money rode with the veteran. It was Moore, Moore, Moore, as squat, cold-eyed men talked around their smoldering cigars about the old man's wit, experience and mulelike punch. Only a last-minute showing of

"Eastern" money drove the odds down where they deserved to be: Moore, 7-5.

**Toronto to Tasmania.** For a few moments in the first round, men who had bet on Moore could still tell themselves that their money was safe, Archie's shuffling, flat-footed style seemed to be keeping him out of trouble. He even landed a couple of crisp rights. Maybe he was pacing himself. But Patterson kept crowding in. His fast hands, held high and dashing as a hummingbird, punished the old Moore flesh, and all of a sudden the countless battles Archie had fought, from Toronto to Tasmania, seemed to catch up with him. The starch leaked out of him. Carelessly, he dropped his guard. A lopping left hook whistled out of nowhere, to separate him from his intellect. He climbed off the canvas at the count of nine; then a sharp right cross dropped him for good. It was only 2 min. 27 sec. of the fifth round.

Archie Moore was led away, the light-heavyweight title still tenuously in his hands. The factor that helped to lick him—age—offered the new heavyweight champion of the world a fancy future: his best bouts and biggest purses (this one: \$114,000) were still ahead. "Patterson has the potentialities of a great fighter," said Archie when he found his tongue. For the first time ever, the gaudy pitchman was guilty of astonishing understatement. What the sport needed next was some men good enough to take on the young and growing champ. The man most fitted for the assignment: Retired Champion Rocky Marciano.

## Scoreboard

¶ The "Big Game," the almost always spirited Army-Navy scrap for the service championship, was a big bust. Army fumbled away chances to run up a score; Navy scuttled its own attack while its sloppy defense did little more than watch the soldiers stop themselves. The game ended, as it should have, in a 7-7 tie, and then, as it should have, the Naval Academy refused an invitation to the Cotton Bowl.

¶ Big Don Newcombe, hapless goat of the Dodger defeat in the World Series, won the first Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in baseball to go with his plaque as National League's Most Valuable Player of 1956.

¶ Suffering through their worst season ever, Notre Dame's Irish took an unkind cut from an unexpected quarter. Said ex-coach Frank Leahy (whose teams were sometimes capable of feigning injuries as they were often capable of fighting for victory): "I watched the Iowa game... there was no fight, no will to win. What has happened to the old Notre Dame spirit?" The criticism heated up the temper of Notre Dame's young (28) Coach Terry Brennan, a protégé of Leahy, and when he heard idle gossip that Leahy might be heading for a job as a Notre Dame football consultant, he snapped: "Not as long as I'm coach." Next day the Irish lost a close game to U.S.C. 28-20. "They played like a real Notre Dame team," said Leahy. "I'm proud of them."





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TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1956



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## RAILROAD GROW?

One of a series telling what Chesapeake and Ohio is doing to make this a bigger, better railroad.

### Who owns Chessie?

If all the people who share ownership of Chesapeake and Ohio were to attend an annual meeting, there is only one college stadium in the country that could seat them—90,482 shareholders with an average of 88 shares. Among all U. S. railroads, C&O is second in number of stockholders.

C&O common is regarded by many as an "heirloom" stock, with family holdings handed down from generation to generation. Forty percent of the stockholders are women—many of them widows—and many children are own-

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Those who know the railroad best—the men and women who work for it—express their confidence by ownership of more than 300,000 shares. They know their stock is backed by a billion dollars in assets—half of it new facilities added during the last ten years. Principal items in this year's \$100 million expansion program are:

- 222 new locomotives
- 13,000 new freight cars on order
- New classification yards, terminals, new communication facilities—\$20 million
- New \$8 million bulk cargo pier and \$3 million coal pier at Newport News, Virginia
- Plant tracks costing \$3 million to serve new industries
- Expanded car-building and locomotive servicing facilities—\$6 million

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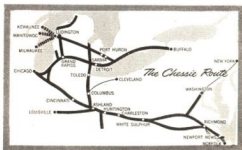


Reports on Chessie's growth are presented to the 650 C&O shareholders who attended Annual Meeting.

The 1957 Chessie calendar features a reproduction in full color of this illustration. If you would like one—as long as the supply lasts—just write to:

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# RELIGION

## Setback for Missions

Western missionaries cast an anxious eye toward the Middle East last week. Three hundred mission leaders representing 45 denominations met under the auspices of the National Council of Churches in Buck Hill Falls, Pa., heard reports that the British missionary effort in Egypt is "about finished" as a result of the British-French invasion. Two major British mission stations—about 25% of the total Protestant mission forces—have been closed. Some 60 British missionaries are under "protective custody" and will be expelled. The few French missionaries, mainly Roman Catholic, also face expulsion. The 300 U.S. missionaries will take over the British missionaries' activities.

## Recorded Solace

*A few nights ago I was in the throes of a terrific battle against the impulse to drink. For me, it was a life-and-death struggle. I had picked up and put away a card passed to me by a friend which contained your Dial-a-Prayer number. I called the number, and this is what I heard:*

*"My grace is sufficient for you, for my strength is perfected in weakness. When we admit our weakness and call upon God for help, his divine power flows into our lives and turns defeat into victory."*

*The turning point in the struggle came with those inspiring words, and I won the battle with God's help.*

This letter to Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is typical of the new kind of mail he has been getting since he installed "Dial-a-Prayer"—the newest contribution of science to salvation. Each

day Dr. Bonnell records a new 30-second message on a magnetic drum, which is played back all day by a special machine.\* Each hour an average 800 calls come in on ten trunk lines attached to the machine. The number (Circle 6-4200) is listed under the church's name as "Prayer Telephone," and is circulated on cards.

**Life Line.** No one knows how many similar gimmicks are in operation, but during the past few years they have spread so fast as to become almost a characteristic feature of U.S. religion. In the New York City area there are at least three other installations, in New England five. Detroit's suburban Highland Park Presbyterian Church (one of four in Michigan) lists its "Life-line" phone number in the newspapers, and when Minister Robert C. Young, 36, hears from his office the low buzz of a new call, he makes a short, silent prayer for the caller.

Denver's Dial-a-Prayer is sponsored by an organization of Catholic women telephone workers called "Our Lady of the Bell," and averages 600 calls a day. The state of Washington has at least 17 telephone prayer services; when Seattle's University Presbyterian Church installed one last June, calls jammed lines for five hours, blew fuses, and threw the Kenwood exchange out of commission until the telephone company put in supplementary "disaster" service. In San Francisco the Christian Evangelical Church claims some 100,000 calls each month. And in booming Los Angeles, the Y.M.C.A.'s Dial-for-Inspiration handles an average 10,000 calls every 24 hours.

**Pep Talks.** Not all the recorded messages are "prayers." Pastor Grace Faus of the Divine Science Church in Washington, D.C., for instance, uses a one-minute "sermonette." "Do we realize," she may ask, "that we are an activity and creation of the mind of God? In God there cannot be boredom, fatigue, or a lack of energy . . . Let us declare that we are alive with enthusiasm and vitality for every good endeavor . . . God love you."

Others go in for frank pep talks. The Rev. Herbert Garner of Battle Creek's First Presbyterian Church begins his messages with commands such as "Face Issues!" "Don't worry!" "Keep your temper!" Sample message: "Cheer up: the world needs people who are cheerful as much as it needs anything! Some are wise, some wealthy, skillful or famous. But all of us can be cheerful! It doesn't cost anything; in fact, it pays big dividends!"

\* Anyone can rent similar facilities from the Bell Telephone Co. Neighborhood theaters use them to give showing schedules, brokerage houses for stock quotations. Currently, one of the most successful installations is in Chicago. Anyone who dials BRoadway 5-0707 is greeted by a honey-laden female voice, "Hello, darling. I'm so glad you called," it trills, then invites the listener to meet her that night for a drink at Irv Benjamin's restaurant. Using only word-of-mouth advertising, Irv Benjamin gets 183,000 calls a month, and even with ten machines, the line is almost always busy.



ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING STIGMATA  
Look beneath the palpable.

## Trends in Miracles

Miracles these days are not as widespread as they used to be. But for Catholic—and, to a much lesser degree, for Protestant and Jew—miracles are a fact of faith. How much of a fact and how essential to faith, Hungarian-born Roman-Catholic Author Zolt Aradi recalls in a new volume on the old subject, *The Book of Miracles* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; \$5). Protestants and Jews may believe in miracles as they see fit; Catholics must believe in their existence, but it is not heretical for them to doubt any given miracle except the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, or the Resurrection of Christ. What then, is a true miracle?

Author Aradi cites a dictionary definition: "An effect wrought in nature directly by God." He lists seven characteristics of miracles: 1) the phenomenon should be relatively infrequent; 2) it should be reasonable and moral; 3) it should have evident spiritual motivation; 4) it should promote welfare; 5) it is usually instantaneous; 6) its effects should be persistent; 7) it is usually an answer to prayer. These conditions are supposed to be universal, but there are trends in miracles.

**Earthquakes & Visions.** The Old Testament sparkles with wonders, and Aradi explains their profusion by reminding his readers that God had a hard time with the Israelites. "God had to prove His existence to a people that did not know Him."

The New Testament miracles are quite different. Instead of earthquakes and lightning, the immobilizing of heavenly bodies and the annihilation of cities, Jesus changes water into wine, gives sight to the blind, feeds multitudes with an armful of fishes and loaves, Christ's miracles proceed, as it were, from a creative force



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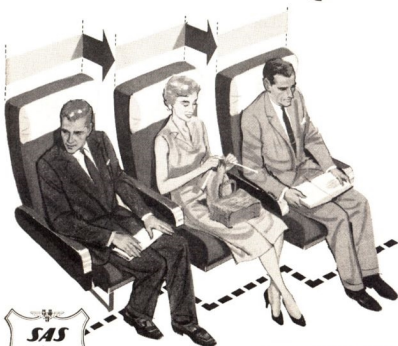
greater. The entire cement industry has taken . . . and is still taking . . . steps to meet this challenge of growth.

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revealing itself in life, rather than impinging on life to make men stare.

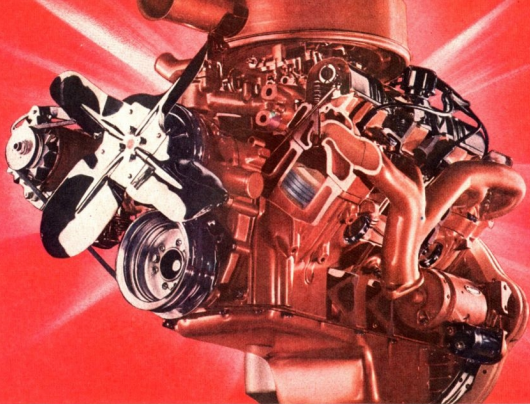
The Middle Ages must have seemed sometimes like a miraculous three-ring circus. Saintry men and ladies flew through the air with the greatest of ease—sometimes even their personal effects followed them, as did the walking stick of Joseph of Cupertino—and sometimes, like the great St. Teresa of Avila, they had to be held down by main force. Bodies that should have been moldering in the grave were exhumed fresh and fragrant; sometimes they bled, as did that of St. John of the Cross when they cut off its finger. The Host at Mass once leapt by itself into the mouth of St. Catherine of Siena.

With some exceptions, notably the annual liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro (died A.D. 304), which is formally witnessed each year at the Cathedral of Naples, modern miracles run more to visions and apparitions—largely of the Virgin, and granted to the young. Examples: Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes (1858); the three children at famed Fatima, Portugal (1917); St. Catherine Labouré (1830), who heard the rustle of silk one night and received instructions from Mary herself about the miraculous medal that is now worn by hundreds of thousands. Stigmatists exist today who, like the first of them, St. Francis of Assisi, exhibit the wounds of Christ's crucifixion.

**Science & Substance.** Science is no enemy of miracles, says Author Aradi, for science can reinforce the reality of a true miracle and help distinguish it from the apparently miraculous effect of natural phenomena. Aradi quotes extensively from an article in a recent issue of *Osservatore Romano* purporting to show that many miracles are not as radical interferences with nature as they look. For example, he says, modern knowledge of neutrons and energy fields indicates that "it would require only a small modification of the energy connection to overcome the obstacle that cohesive energy opposes to the passage of one body through the other. Thus . . . Christ could enter the Cenacle (John 20: 19, 26) through closed doors."

Similarly, the changing of bread into the body of Christ which, according to dogma, takes place during the Eucharist, seems less incompatible with science than might be thought. Physics knows only the palpable appearance of the bread, beneath which lies the "substance"—unavailable to scientific investigation—which changes into the body of Christ. "Modern physics," says the *Osservatore* study, "does not oppose the dogma of the Eucharist, but actually it is of great use and help in making certain important points more clear."

To those who complain of the dearth of miracles today, Author Aradi replies that there is a sufficiency of the supernatural for man's needs. "There [are] the teachings of Christ, the presence of the Eucharist, the saints living among us . . . The need of miracles cannot be expressed in human terms. Nor can we rightly deplore the absence of a miracle. The only thing we can do is to express our gratitude in recognition and acceptance of it."



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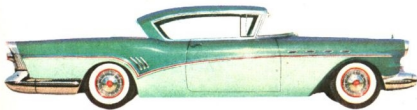
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# THE PRESS

## End of Story

For two embattled weeks, United Press Correspondent Russell Jones was the only U.S. newsman left in Hungary (TIME, Dec. 3). By teletype, telephone and courier he filed the full story of rebellion, reprisal and resistance. Last week, as two other Western correspondents arrived in Budapest on temporary visas, Jones, whose visa had expired, was given three days to leave the country. "What happens," he asked a Foreign Ministry official, "if I stay?" Came the reply: "Please, Mr. Jones, do not try."

## Editors' Dilemma

Few lawbreakers, from the drunken driver to the crooked official, ever succeed in bullying or bribing U.S. newsmen to keep their names out of the paper. Yet editors go out of their way to shield one type of criminal: the juvenile delinquent. By long tradition, or in many states by law, the great majority of U.S. newspapers never name juvenile delinquents, i.e., offenders under the ages of 16, 17 or 18, depending on local law and custom, unless they commit major crimes such as rape or murder.

As juvenile crime rates skyrocketed, editors have had to decide whether they were avoiding their responsibility to tell all the news, and whether the policy of secrecy has been one of the causes of the increase in juvenile crime.

Pressure to name names has mounted with the statistics: juvenile crime leaped by 70% from 1948 to 1955, while the U.S. juvenile population grew only 16%. Some areas show even more frightening figures. Latest New York City statistics show that 41.2% of arrests for all major crime involve offenders under 21. In Detroit police estimate that 70% to 80% of all car thefts are committed by juveniles.



Bob Briggs—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*  
EDITOR AMBERG

Rapists are old enough to name.

"People Should Know." In New York editors and publishers are demanding a change in the state's new Youth Court Act, now scheduled to take effect in 1957, which would empower judges to impose secrecy on criminal cases involving youths. In Tennessee newspapers are also fighting a law that shields the identity of juvenile offenders. In Illinois, Colorado, Massachusetts and Florida, editors often defy the law to give their readers the full story of a particularly serious juvenile crime.

What the editors seek is not the right to run the names of all youthful violators, but freedom to use their judgment on what names to print. Many of them also

feel that names should be used more often to put pressure on the offenders and their parents. Says the Miami *Herald's* Associate Editor John D. Pennekamp: "Juvenile criminals are as bad as adult criminals—or worse. Maybe if they see it in the papers, the juveniles will believe it themselves." The strict Florida law preventing courts and police from divulging juvenile names recently led a young hoodlum to jeer at Miami *Daily News* Reporter Damon Runyon Jr.: "You can't write about us; we know what the law says."

**Naming Parents.** One of the strongest advocates of a tougher policy is Publisher Richard H. Amberg of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Until last December, his paper (circ. 300,375) was as careful as the *Post-Dispatch* (402,439) not to identify delinquents. Then three 16-year-old boys raped a 14-year-old girl. Amberg not only ran their names but wrote an editorial saying: "We feel that if somebody is old enough to rape a girl, he is old enough to get his name in the paper."

Like Editor Amberg, some news executives now even run names of parents of juvenile criminals, plus their occupations and marital status, to illustrate their belief that teen-age crime is not necessarily a product of broken homes or economic distress but reflects a widespread breakdown of moral values in the U.S.

**Delinquents with Scrapbooks.** On the other hand, many authorities—and some editors—agree that publicity makes the job of rehabilitation harder, that it may actually be an incentive to crime. Says Captain Robert Summers of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office: "It glorifies them in the eyes of gangs. Using their names does nothing but give them status." Some delinquents even display scrapbooks with clippings about their misdeeds.

While recognizing the complexity of the dilemma, many responsible editors look at the rising juvenile crime rate and wonder whether the traditional policy of secrecy is still valid. They agree with Brooklyn's

## FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

PUNCH, August 29 1956



THE NEW YORKER, NOVEMBER 3, 1956





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Adult Court Judge Samuel Leibowitz, of Manhattan's most famed criminal law firm, who says: "Whatever happens in the courts is public property, and the public should know what the judge's actions have been. We can trust the good judgment of the press."

## The Disenchanted

Three of Europe's top-echelon Communist newsmen last week were out of their jobs as a result of their protests against Soviet military reprisals in Hungary. They are disenchanted:

□ **Jacov Levi**, United Nations correspondent since 1953 for Yugoslavia's official Communist paper *Barba*. Levi quit the party and his job in Manhattan explained that Tito's defense of Russian intervention in Hungary and the arrest of former Yugoslav Vice President Milo Djilas (*TIME*, Dec. 3) had convinced him that "the promised liberation and democratization in my country have reached a dead-end street." Levi, the only Red correspondent accredited to U.N. forces in Korea in 1951, asked asylum in the U.S.

□ **Emanuele Rocco**, an editor of Italy's Communist daily *Il Paese* since 1952, longtime protégé of Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti. Rocco, 34, first worked for *L'Unita* and helped turn it from a time underground weekly into the official Communist daily (estimated circulation, 350,000), which claims to be Italy's second biggest newspaper (after Milan's conservative *Corriere della Sera*). On *Il Paese* (estimated circ. 50,000), *L'Unita's* savior in Chief Tomaso Smith to run editorially, Rocco played up stories of Russian brutality in Hungary, persuaded Smith to run a series of articles blasting *L'Unita's* attempts to blot the uprisings on "fascist counter-revolutionaries." When Rocco refused to join the party in defending Russia, he was fired.

□ **Franz Xavier Philipp**, Vienna correspondent for East Germany's Communist news agency ADN, and a former long-time editor of the Soviet-sponsored Berlin daily *Tägliche Rundschau*. Philipp also fired for refusal to slant stories of Hungarian fighting, denied ADN's claim that he was working for the U.S. State Service.

## First-Amendment Fourscore

Four Manhattan newsmen who refused to answer questions put by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee during its investigation of Communism in the press (*TIME*, Jan. 16) were indicted last week by a Washington grand jury in contempt of Congress. They are *New York Times*men Alden Whitman, Robert Shelton, 30, Seymour Peck, and ex-*Daily News* Reporter William Price, 41. All had invoked the First Amendment (freedom of the press) either refusing to identify onetime Communist associates or refusing to answer questions about possible Communist affiliations. The *Times*men, said the *Times*, will keep their jobs "until there is a disposition of the case." Price was fired from the *New York Daily News* when he refused to answer the committee's ques-



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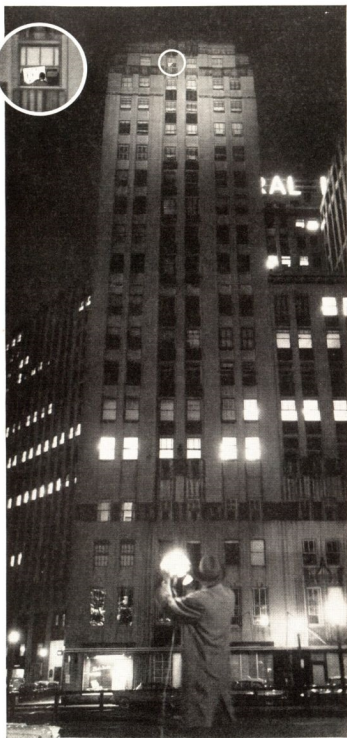
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# THE THEATER

## New Musical in Manhattan

**Bells Are Ringing** (book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Jule Styne), to put first things first, brought Judy Holliday back to Broadway after six years in Hollywood. Moreover, it brought her back—not least because of her own presence in it—in a very likeable show. The Judy Holliday who started her career in nightclubs shines readily in a musical. She can sing or do take-offs of singers and adorn a chorus or dance. In the role of a warmhearted answering-service operator, she can quaver like a beldam or give a rumbling impersonation of Santa Claus. But what is perhaps more important, she can look engagingly blank or beguilingly large-eyed, can be daft, sly, small-girl, strong-minded, touching. She is an adroit performer and an inimitable personality.

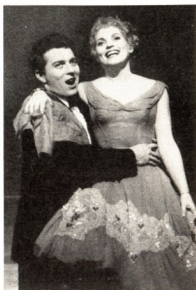
By way of her Manhattan switchboard, she brings hope, cheer, confusion and the vice squad into the lives of various unseen clients in whom she takes an unsolicited interest. With one of them (pleasantly played by Sydney Chaplin, son of Charlie), she falls in love at first hearing. The love story of *Bells Are Ringing* is almost defiantly orthodox, but suffused as it is with Judy's warmth, never really becomes a burden. But it does bulk much too large for wit to keep pace with sentiment, for the Comden-Green book to display the usual fresh, crisp Comden-Greenness.

Judy's forest of switchboard wires would seem to promise wacky complications and entangling alliances in all five boroughs, with some of the offbeat sassiness of an *On the Town*. But despite bookies posing as musicians, and a dentist who yearns to write songs, despite visits to penthouses and nightclubs, and a rollicking subway ride, *Bells Are Ringing*—even in its liveliest dancing—sticks to Broadway, Broadway, all evening long.

But if it quite lacks distinction, *Bells* comes off very nicely at its own Broadway level. Once started, it keeps moving; the tone is gay and good-natured. Jerome Robbins' staging is brisk, the Comden-Green lyrics are sprightly, the Jule Styne tunes are often schmaltzy, and now and then rousing. And to put first things last, there is a heaping portion of Judy Holliday.

## New Operetta in Manhattan

**Candide** (based on Voltaire's satire; book by Lillian Hellman; score by Leonard Bernstein; lyrics by Richard Wilbur; other lyrics by John Latouche and Dorothy Parker) is a melody of the brilliant, the uneven, the exciting, the earthbound, the adventurous and the imperfectly harmonized. It is not an especially Voltairian *Candide*; more significantly, it is not in the least a conventional Broadway musical, for the very good reason that it plainly never sought to be.



CHAPLIN & HOLLIDAY  
A heaping portion of Judy.

Fred Fehl

In his famous 18th century satire against facile optimism and idealism, Voltaire had guileless young Candide's tutor, Dr. Pangloss, teach him that this is the best of all possible worlds. Chanting his faith, he and his tutor and his sweet-heart Cunegonde are catapulted from one misfortune to the next, witnessing or enduring in 20 pages more crime, misery and calamity than exist in all Greek tragedy; in fact, Candide himself, "the mildest man in the world," is constantly killing people. At long last he is led from idealism to the commonsense of keeping strictly to his own concerns, of cultivating his garden.

One of the bitterest books ever written, *Candide* is also one of the gayest—its razor-edged, wit-propelled story generally galloping at such speed as to make its fantastic pile-up of catastrophes almost as hilarious as they are horrifying. Converting Candide into a "comic operetta" is perforce a major operation. For the whizzing variety of incident must be duplicated by musical, visual, verbal, choreographic variety of treatment. Seldom, thanks to Scene Designer Oliver Smith and Costume Designer Irene Sharaff, has calamity been more glowingly or sumptuously caparisoned; such things as the stage set of Lisbon and the Guard-like Venetian figures are superb. And seldom has so complicated a show received such expert and animated staging as Tyrone Guthrie has provided.

It is over the crucial blending and balancing of libretto and score that difficulties arise, partly from differences in tempo and tone, partly from the operetta medium itself. What is most inspired and Voltairian about *Candide* must plague operetta writing. Voltaire's book is much better suited to a film, which could ap-

proximate the breakneck pace and have a field day with the calamities; or to pure opera, which wholly through music could catch the book's speed, glancing wit and mocking élan.

Denied all this, Lillian Hellman's libretto also bears her own strong impress, which is foreign to Voltaire's. Where Voltaire is ironic and bland, she is explicit and vigorous. Where he makes lightning, rapier thrusts, she provides body blows. Where he is diabolical, Playwright Hellman is humanitarian.

Whatever its own weight and thrust, the libretto distorts Voltaire's formula without really forging one of its own, and seems too serious for the verve and mocking lyricism of Leonard Bernstein's score, which—without being strictly 18th century—maintains, with its gay pastiche of past styles and forms, a period quality. Instead of show tunes, the score goes in for something akin to Sullivan's spoofing in *The Gondoliers*, offering the wonderful paste coloratura of a *Glitter and Be Gay*, duets and quartet finales, and schottisches and waltzes that can be danced. Along with much engaging music of this kind, there are generally bright and amusing lyrics, and in Barbara Cook, Irra Petina and Robert Rounseville, the right kind of singers.

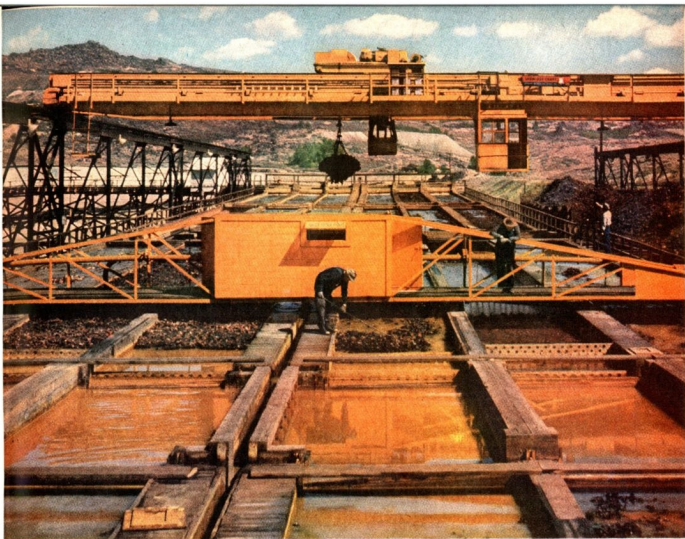
Only Max Adrian, as Pangloss, is enough of an actor to do right by the libretto. Nor, for all its good things, has *Candide* enough unity or sustained effect to come off as a whole. But the best of it is as superior to Broadway musicals in quality as virtually all of it is in aim.

## New Revue in Manhattan

**Cranks** (by John Cranko; music by John Addison) is a pint-sized English revue with a jeroam's worth of frills. Three men and a girl squeal or kneel or sit with their backs to the audience, climb things while they rhyme things, weave about or dance or contort while singing ballads or blues. In a welter of shifting lights, one revue number slithers into the next while the performers act as their own stagehands.

Now and then—with a telephone, a pair of gloved hands, a package addressed to one actor that drives an inquisitive fellow actor mad—the essential idea is fresh, amusing and satiric. Here and there the production embroidery is ingenious and witty. But too often it is obvious that beneath all the *sauce piquante* there is leftover meat or no meat at all; and in time there results an awful sameness of effect from so many frantic efforts to be different.

*Cranks* tries so hard to be different that there are no real skits at all—which are the lifeblood of a revue. Except for Actor Anthony Newley, there is no touch of that special drollery which is the backbone of British humor. And despite a good deal of moody strumming, there is little in the way of tunes. With its self-conscious patternings and posturings, *Cranks*, at times, less resembles a revue than the rites of some sect as the Stanislavsky methodists.



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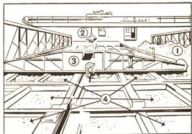
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## MEDICINE

### Insanity in Court

The question of what constitutes insanity for purposes of the law, which has plagued jurists and psychiatrists for a century (TIME, April 4, 1955), got a spectacular airing in Massachusetts last week. In Boston, the governor's executive council of nine (lawyers and laymen, no judges) ended, with a dramatic reversal, a long debate with its collective conscience over the fate of Kenneth Chapin, 20, of Springfield, who two years ago used a bayonet to stab to death a 14-year-old



Boston American—International  
 REPRIEVED MURDERER CHAPIN  
 In 61 stabs, evidence of madness.

baby sitter and her four-year-old charge.\* What convinced the council was expert and dramatic psychiatric testimony.

"The Way I Am." After his arrest in 1954, Chapin got a routine psychiatric examination and was adjudged sane enough to stand trial. One by one, eight Massachusetts psychiatrists pronounced him sane, although one said that the sullen young killer was in the "early stages" of schizophrenia. The defense tried to prove Chapin a victim of psychomotor epilepsy — not necessarily related to insanity.

Sentenced to death, Chapin appeared before a committee of the governor's council sitting as a pardons board. He could give no motive for the double killing beyond the fact that the baby sitter, Lynn Ann Smith, had screamed when she saw the bayonet in his hand. As he told it: "She opened the door, and the knife was in my hand, and she screamed. I was

pushed from behind, or catapulted, but nobody was there." Asked whether he wanted his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, Chapin muttered: "Just as soon go, just as soon go." The council voted, 6-3, to let him go to the chair.

But last week the council heard new evidence in a tense, six-hour session with famed German-born Fredric Wertham, for 20 years senior psychiatrist in New York City's hospital system. Author of *The Show of Violence* and *The Circle of Guilt*, he has a knack of appearing in such cases. Dr. Wertham listed 19 telltale signs of schizophrenia, found all of them in Chapin. One was lack of insight. "When I asked him what made him commit the murders, he answered: 'It's the way I am, I guess.'" Another item: "I had the feeling in talking to Chapin that I was talking to him through a glass wall. He had no emotion whatsoever."

"Cancer of the Mind." Dr. Wertham made his most telling point when he banged his right hand repeatedly on the table, counting the 38 times that Chapin had stabbed the baby sitter and the 23 times he had stabbed the child. "Imagine doing this 38 times," he said. "He slaughtered this little girl, he stabbed her, then the little boy, and then went back and stabbed her again. He certainly acted like a madman that night." To Wertham there was no doubt that Chapin had suffered, at the time of the crime, from schizophrenia — "a malignant disease, the cancer of the mind"—and that he had not known the meaning of what he was doing.

On Dr. Wertham's say-so, three members of the council reversed themselves and the body voted, 6-3, for commutation. Concluded Wertham: to electrocute Chapin would have been no deterrent to others because "it was a crazy crime and no juvenile on the street associates himself with this boy."

### Everybody's Mental Health

Sick and tired of widely parroted statistics that one out of 16 persons (or, some say, one out of ten) will spend part of his life in a mental hospital, famed Psychiatrist William C. Menninger came out with a sweeping statistic of his own last week. He told the National Association for Mental Health: "Even the most startling of these figures . . . refer only to extreme cases of mental disorder. [They] overlook the common, everyday emotional disturbances which can be as upsetting and incapacitating as many of the physical illnesses. When we take these into account, the toll of mental ill health must be reckoned as one in one, for there isn't a person who does not experience frequently a mental or emotional disturbance severe enough to disrupt his functioning as a well-adjusted, happy and efficiently performing individual."

Among those whose illnesses are severe enough to need hospitalization, reported the association's medical consultant, Manhattan's Dr. George S. Stevenson, women

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\* This week a jury in Mineola, N.Y., faces knotty problems in deciding whether Angelo John LaMarca, 31, who has confessed the fatal kidnapping of month-old Peter Weinberger (TIME, Sept. 4), had—as he claims—been driven temporarily insane by the bawling of his creditors,

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By a Subscriber

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outnumber men at all ages—far more than the million-odd majority of women in the U.S. population can explain. In schizophrenia, the female-male ratio is 3 to 2; in senile psychosis and cerebral arteriosclerosis, 6 to 5; involutional psychosis, 5 to 2; and manic-depressive psychosis, about 2 to 1.

## Love That Job

If a doctor had his life to live over again, would he choose medicine as his career? *Medical Economics* fired that question at physicians, and 90% answered "yes!"

Next question: "Would you select the particular field of medicine in which you are now practicing?" Psychiatrists answered with an 85% yes; internists, 82%; surgeons, 81%; obstetricians, 78%; G.P.s, 66%; and pediatricians, 63%.

## Curable Disease?

What is homosexuality? Is it curable? Some recent misleading propaganda alleges that homosexuality is an incurable, hereditary condition, and that the homosexual way of life is therefore "normal" for an unspecified proportion of the population. This view has had an assist from Kinsey statistics on the frequency of homosexual acts in youth.

Not so, says Manhattan Psychoanalyst Edmund Bergler. In *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?* (Hill and Wang; \$5), published last week, he swiftly demolishes some popular misconceptions. The common definition of a homosexual as one who "derives his sexual excitement and satisfaction from a person of his own sex" is less than a half-truth, says Bergler, because 1) it accepts a kind of parity between homosexuals and heterosexuals, "and hence becomes a useful argument in the homosexuals' advocacy of their perversion"; 2) it ignores the fact that certain personality traits, partly or entirely psychopathic, are specifically and exclusively characteristic of homosexuals.

**Injustice Collector.** Homosexuality, says Analyst Bergler, is neither a "biologically determined destiny, nor incomprehensible ill luck." In Freudian terms he traces a complicated pattern of the development of homosexuality from infantile frustrations, through "pleasure in displeasure," to unconscious psychic masochism. The full-grown homosexual, as Bergler sees him, wallows in self-pity and continually provokes hostility to ensure himself more opportunities for self-pity; he "collects" injustices—sometimes real, often fancied; he is full of defensive malice and flippancy, covering his depression and guilt with extreme narcissism and superciliousness. He refuses to acknowledge accepted standards even in nonsexual matters, assuming that homosexuals have a right to cut moral corners as compensation for their "suffering." He is generally unreliable, in an essentially psychopathic way.

To Bergler, who has treated plenty of homosexuals (and interviewed others who refused treatment), the most striking feature of this galaxy of homosexual traits



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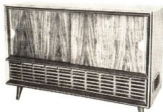
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\*Prices slightly higher Texas and West Coast.

is its universality—"regardless of the level of intelligence, culture, background or education, all homosexuals possess it."

Along the way, Bergler takes a round-house swing at what he considers another myth—bisexuality. This, he says, "has no existence beyond the word itself—[it] is an out-and-out fraud, involuntarily maintained by some naive homosexuals, and voluntarily perpetrated by some who are not so naive. The theory claims that a man can be—alternately or concomitantly—homo- and hetero- sexual. The statement is as rational as one declaring that a man can at the same time have cancer and perfect health. Some homosexuals are occasionally capable of lustless me-

patient will at once cry that he is being persecuted. Yet the analyst must convince him that his self-damaging tendencies will engulf his whole personality, if they have not already done so. There are, says Bergler, no "healthy homosexuals."

## Before & After

The "Hiroshima Maidens" are 25 Japanese girls who were badly burned when the A-bomb fell on their city. Japanese plastic surgeons tried to restore their terribly defaced features, but scar tissue kept coming back. Partly under the sponsorship of Editor Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review*, the girls were brought to New York's Mount Sinai Hospital last year for



HIROSHIMA'S SHIGEO NIMOTO, 1954 & 1956  
From horror to triumph.

chanical sex with a woman... They tend to marry as a means of proving... that they are completely normal."

**Usable Guilt.** What of cures? Psychiatrist Bergler takes his own profession to task for having been, in the past, too pessimistic. It can effect cures in 90% of cases, he insists, provided that analyst and patient are willing to take the tremendous time and effort to get to the root of the difficulty. By "cure" Bergler does not mean making a guilty homosexual proud of his perversion, but changing his character and, among other things, leading him to normal sexual enjoyment.

But Bergler advises analysts not to attempt the impossible, and suggests these criteria by which they can judge whether a prospective patient offers reasonable hope of cure: he must have inner guilt feelings that can be put to use in treatment; he must accept the treatment voluntarily and actively want to change; he must give up his habit of using homosexuality as a weapon against his family, which (unconsciously) he always hates. The analyst must not begin by attacking the homosexuality head on—or the

another try (TIME, Oct. 24, 1955). Their case was sometimes exploited politically in a horror campaign against U.S. use of atomic weapons, but the story quickly turned into one of medical triumph. Last week the first before-and-after pictures of the patients to be published showed the striking success of Mount Sinai's surgeons (see cuts). Back in Japan with the other girls, Shigeo Nimoto—whose deformities had been the worst—is studying to become a nurse's aide. Said she: "After watching the nurses at Mount Sinai, I decided that is the way I would spend my life—in service to others."

## Vaccine for Adults

President Eisenhower last week backed up Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion Folsom in a plea for prompt use of the 17 million doses of polio vaccine now stockpiled by manufacturers, plus untold millions in drugstore and health-department refrigerators. Targets: children who have had less than the recommended three shots, and adults who are in time to get three shots before midsummer if they act promptly.





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SO you're having a holiday party? And this time you're going all out! Like thousands of other holiday hosts and hostesses, you want your party to be outstanding. The lighting just right . . . the table setting just right . . . and the food something to be long remembered.

Turkey you'll serve, of course. The flavorful fowl has historically been the *piece de resistance* of untold millions of holiday repasts ever since the original colonists first asked one another, very hospitably: "Do you like the white meat or the dark?" But it's the novel and unusual that will keep the guests talking for months to come.

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And if your guests are such discriminating trenchermen that they'll feel they're really roughing it if denied such succulents as hearts of palm salad, stuffed vine leaves (from Turkey), fiddleheads (a swamp plant canned in New Brunswick), snails from France, smoked rabbit, a tasty dish of muskrat, Swedish Kantareller (one of the more exotic mushrooms), topped off perhaps by a yummy serving of octopus from Japan—why,

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### The Racists' Day

Three months had passed since the National Guard marched into little (pop. 4,000) Clinton, Tenn., to enforce the right of nine Negroes to attend the all-white high school (TIME, Sept. 10). Last week, the peace that seemed to have settled over the town turned out to be no peace at all.

Though most students have grudgingly left the Negroes alone, a minority have made their lives a daily agony. Egged on by their parents and members of the White Citizens' Council, they have jostled the Negroes in hallways, jarred books out of their arms, taken every opportunity to trample on their toes. Then last fortnight John Kasper, 27, the rabble-rousing Washington, D.C. bookseller who was arrested for sedition and inciting riots in Clinton, won an acquittal from a state court.

The segregationists took Kasper's acquittal as a signal to go all out against integration. The Citizens' Council put up its own candidate for mayor, organized a junior auxiliary in the high school. States' rights stickers began to turn up everywhere. White students appeared in class with Confederate flags sewn on their sweaters. They cried "Nigger bitches" and "Dirty nigger whore" at the Negro coeds. They threw eggs and stones, poured ink over the Negroes' books and into their lockers. Whenever their enthusiasm failed, members of the White Citizens' Council were ready to keep the trouble brewing.

In spite of telephone threats, Principal D. J. Brittain Jr. stood faithfully by his Negro

charges. He threatened to expel their tormentors, but neither he nor his faculty found proof enough to do so. Last week the Negroes stayed away from school in protest. The frightening question that faces them: whether they will ever be allowed to go back to the Clinton high school without suffering even more abuse than they already have.

Whatever the Negroes' future, their enemies seem to be having their day. "We have no support," said Principal Brittain bitterly. "Pretty soon these Citizens' Council people will have the upper hand, and then no one's rights will be safe." This week the School Board formally asked if the Government would enforce the Federal court integration order.

### The Moderate

When Secretary Marion Folsom and his colleagues in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare began looking for a successor to Education Commissioner Samuel Brownell, one name kept cropping up over and over again: Superintendent Lawrence Gridley Derthick of Chattanooga. Last week President Eisenhower, who had once heard Derthick hold forth at a Columbia Teachers College seminar, announced that Derthick was the man for the job.

The son of a teacher and the brother of two more, 50-year-old Lawrence Derthick has spent his life in education. Born in a dormitory at Kentucky's Hazel Green Academy, he graduated from Tennessee's Milligan College, immediately took a job as teacher-principal of the consolidated elementary and high school in Greene County. By 1935 he was state high-school visitor for east Tennessee. Four years later he became assistant school superintendent in Nashville; in 1942 he got his present post in Chattanooga.



J. B. Collins  
CHATTANOOGA'S DERTHICK  
Few will object.

An amiable six-footer, he doubled the number of teachers with bachelor's degrees, raised the teacher's average yearly salary from \$1,016 to \$4,006, upped the value of his plant from \$3,800,000 to \$17,600,000. In 1953 he was elected president of the American Association of School Administrators, the top honor U.S. public schoolmen can bestow. But aside from these accomplishments, Derthick has another qualification for the commissioner'ship: his middle-road record on the issue of integration.

In 1954 Derthick supported his school board's resolution declaring that the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation must be obeyed. But as a result of violent opposition in Chattanooga, the board postponed integrating their schools

for at least five years. To all but extremists, Derthick should therefore be eminently acceptable in both the North and the South—a moderate who has backed the law of the land, but knows what the nation is up against in trying to enforce it.

### Integrating the Blind

As she went through her paces as the leading lady of the fathers' night show at Chicago's Bell Elementary School, nine-year-old Penny Golden had all the aplomb of a veteran trouper. Playing one of the wives of a sheik, she never missed a cue or muffed a line. But the most remarkable thing about her performance was the fact that no stranger in the audience could have guessed that Penny Golden is totally blind.

In a sense, Penny symbolizes the success of a heartening movement in the education of the blind. A few cities like



Art Shaw  
BLIND CHILDREN (TWO IN FOREGROUND) IN CHICAGO CLASSROOM  
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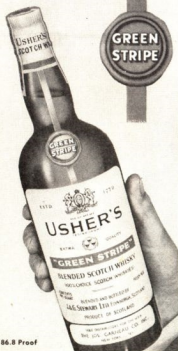
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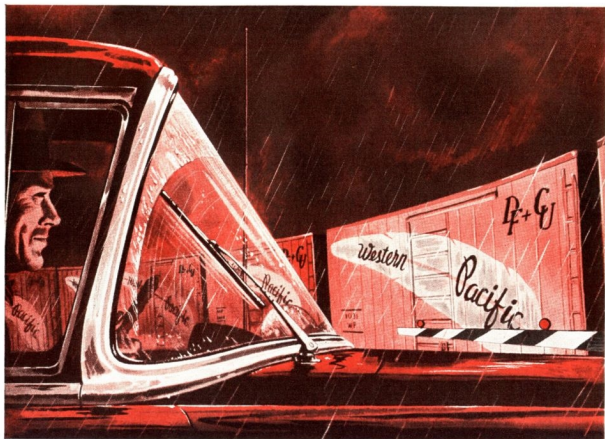
Chicago have for years tried to integrate blind children into regular classes, but most states have relied on special residential schools, where the blind live and learn only among their own kind. Then, in the 1940s, hundreds of premature infants, though saved by incubators, were stricken with retrolental fibroplasia and blindness because of an overexposure to oxygen. As these children grew to school age, the integration movement finally got going in earnest. Today, scores of cities across the U.S. are now giving sightless children a full chance at a normal schooling.

**Hop, Skip, Jump.** With minor local variations, the basic program is the same in all cities practicing integration. In Detroit, for instance, the school system sends out special counselors to help parents with their new blind babies. At three or four, the children go to a preprimary school, where they learn to run, hop, skip, play at sand tables and even finger-paint. Later, they learn to read and write in Braille and to use a typewriter. By the sixth or seventh grade, they are ready to take their place in normal classes.

In Boston, integration often starts earlier. But along with special classes in Braille, the children are introduced to their schools before the term begins. They learn their way around the halls, how to get to the washrooms and use the playground equipment. Though they spend part of each day in a home room that is equipped with Braille books and typewriters, they can take almost all of their schools' regular courses. In Dallas, which began its program in 1951, the blind start their school careers under specially trained teachers, are gradually weaned away until they can join their sighted classmates full-time.

**Double Boon.** In Chicago, a first-grader may spend one-third of his time doing regular work, an eighth-grade three-fourths. But from kindergarten to high school, each blind child has an older "buddy" who reads to him when Braille texts are not available and serves as his guide and friend. As the years pass, the blind child becomes more and more independent—and the sighted children must be cautioned against being too protective. Says Ethel May Wright, supervisor of Chicago's program: "The blind children don't want to be different. By the time they get to high school, you wouldn't know they were blind."

In general, they also do well with their studies: they have been valedictorians, class presidents and successful college students. Meanwhile, they learn to get over such "blindisms" as the habit of poking at their eyes, of sprawling in their seats (because they cannot see how sloppy they look), and walking with their heads bent low. But integration has not been a boon to the blind alone. "It works both ways," says First-Grade Teacher Wilba Bourgeois of New Orleans' Thomas Jefferson School: "It teaches the sighted to be kind and patient. It also challenges them. When they see a blind child who can read and spell, they know that they should be able to do so too."



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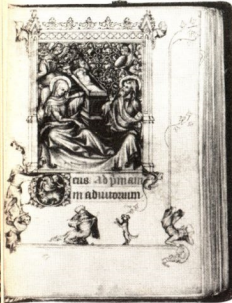


ROUTE OF THE VISTA-DOME

*California Zephyr*

## ART

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



QUEEN'S "HOURS" (ACTUAL SIZE)

### Books of the Centuries

Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art this week took the wrappings off a handsome Christmas gift to itself: two superbly hand-illuminated medieval Books of Hours, almost as fresh as the day they were painted, which experts value together at \$250,000. One, made to order sometime before 1413 for Jean, Duke of Berry and Prince of France, includes 94 full-page illustrations which the Met terms "a whole gallery of medieval paintings." The other, a minute volume (2½ in. by 3½ in.), was made to fit a queen's hand, probably that of Jeanne d'Evreux, third wife of France's Charles IV.

Both prayer books were bought from Baron Maurice de Rothschild's collection

in 1954 by James J. Rorimer, then curator of The Cloisters, a Met outpost. For Medievalist Rorimer the two books represented "an extraordinary opportunity for supplementing The Cloister's collections." Rorimer, now the Met's director, used income from a \$10 million gift by John D. Rockefeller Jr. to purchase the books, waited until this year's Christmas season to announce the acquisition.

While the Met can show each of its treasured volumes only two pages at a time, museum-goers are likely to be both tantalized and delighted by what they see. The Duke of Berry's *Belles Heures*, illustrated by his personal painters, the three Limbourg brothers, breathes the freshness of morning. Embossed with gold, it sparkles with flower-bouquet hues, including the exquisite borage-blossom blue, a pigment so precious that the duke listed two pots of it among his treasures. The queen's handbook was meant to delight as well as instruct. *The Nativity* (see cut) introduces the text for sunrise prayers, but just in case courtly heads should begin to nod, Artist Jean Pucelle, a Paris illuminator so famed that even Dante sang his praise, spiced it with a troupe of acrobats and a monster king tempting a dog with a colossal jawbone.

### Biggest Winner

In Paris' National Museum of Modern Art last week the competition for the newest and biggest prize in art reached the finals. Nineteen national and international juries had selected 95 works from 19 countries to vie for the \$10,000 grand prize, established this year by Manhattan's multimillion-dollar Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, whose new \$3,000,000, Frank Lloyd Wright-designed museum is now going up on Manhattan's upper Fifth Avenue.

To narrow the overwhelmingly abstract field, the three-man jury, composed of the directors of the national museums of France and Belgium and Yugoslav Painter

Marko Celebonovic, studied and argued for a heated five hours. Then the jury announced the winner: Ben Nicholson's *August 1956-Val d'Orcia* (see cut).

For Perennial Prizewinner Nicholson (TIME, Nov. 19), who won the Carnegie International top award in 1952, was a prizewinner in the 1954 Venice Biennale, and earlier this year won the Grand Prize at the Lugano IV International, the cash was probably as welcome as the credit. Though "delighted by the award," Winner Nicholson was not willing to go far toward helping viewers puzzle out the meaning of his serene grey, white and dull-brown forms. He would say only that Val d'Orcia is in Tuscany, adding abstractly: "Of course I should say that the color and shape, for color and shape are indivisible, are affected by the place."

### THE SOLDIER WHO WANTED TO PAINT

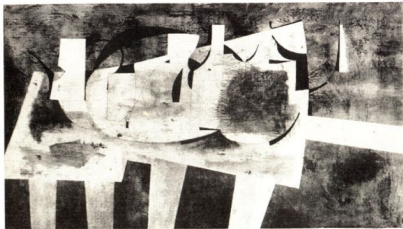
OF the art-struck Russians who at the turn of the century flocked to Munich to study painting, one of the best was Alexei Georgievich Jawlensky. In the 1920s he ranked with the more famous Russian Wassily Kandinsky, the late U.S.-born Lyonel Feininger and Swiss-born Paul Klee (TIME, Sept. 17) as a coequal in their "Blue Four" exhibits. Then he was all but forgotten.

This year the work of Jawlensky (pronounced Yaw-lensky) is having a spirited revival that has brought a round of exhibits in Germany, London and Paris, and a current show at Manhattan's Kleemann Galleries (see color page). Chief reason: the release of nearly 100 Jawlensky paintings, by his 75-year-old widow, who lives in Wiesbaden. The new showings have placed Jawlensky with Kandinsky and Chagall among the best of Russia's 20th century painters.

From birth, Alexei Jawlensky, son of a Czarist colonel, was pointed toward a military career. But he wanted to paint. Sent to cadet school in Moscow and later commissioned in an infantry grenadier regiment, Jawlensky petitioned for a transfer to St. Petersburg, where as an officer he could study painting. Finally he resigned, to take off for Munich with another young painting enthusiast, Baroness Marianne Werfkin. Six years later the handsome, passionate and strong-willed Jawlensky had a child by Marianne's young ward, Helena Neznakomov, who became his devoted wife.

Taking his painting cues from Gauguin, Van Gogh and Matisse, Jawlensky learned to orchestrate the hot, *fauve* colors in the series of portraits that rank as his best work, teamed up with Kandinsky on summer painting vacations outside Munich. Their favorite pastime: placing their paintings on a piano for a Russian pianist to interpret in music.

At the outbreak of World War I, Russian-born Alexei Jawlensky took refuge in



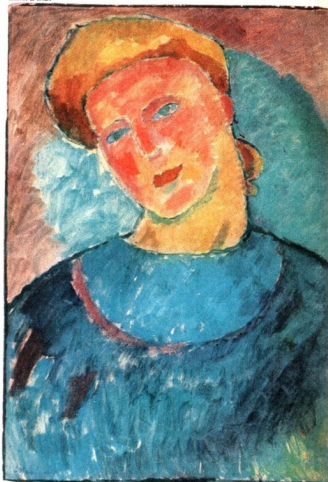
NICHOLSON'S "AUGUST 1956-VAL D'ORCIA"





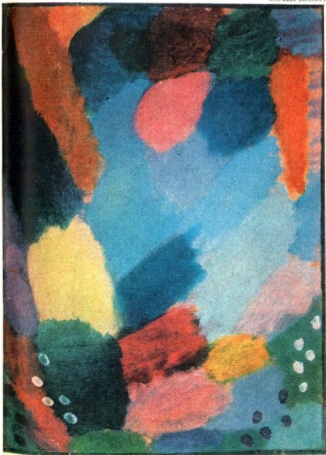
**FRENCH WOMAN (1912)**

Russia's Alexei Jawlensky painted his tribute to French womanhood, inspired by a trip to Paris, with strong sense of line and intense, jewel-like color.



**BLONDE FRAULEIN (1911)**

While painting near Munich with compatriot Wassily Kandinsky, Jawlensky learned to orchestrate color, made portraits starting point for his rich, harmonic masses.



**AUTUMN GLOW (1916)**

Moving toward complete abstraction during his wartime stay in Switzerland, Jawlensky recreated views from his window to fuse together his own and nature's mood.



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Switzerland, after being expelled from Germany without being permitted to take along so much as one painting. To his aid came a young German painter, Emy Scheyer, one of the many women who found Jawlensky's combination of bearlike strength and aristocratic charm irresistible. She gave up painting to devote her life to promoting his work, built up her own collection to include more than 120 of Jawlensky's works, which, along with those of Klee, Kandinsky and Feininger, are now kept intact as a permanent Blue Four exhibit at the Pasadena Art Museum.

Depressed by poverty and exile, Jawlensky retreated further into himself, began painting the series of abstract mood poems that show his color sense at its peak. After the war he returned to Germany, only to have the Nazis in 1939 declare his art "degenerate." Hopelessly crippled by arthritis, only able to hold his brush painfully with both hands and paint with shoulder movements, Jawlensky devoted his last years to small, dully glowing, abstract heads of Christ. His final works before his death in 1941 were basically meditations. Said he: "Great art can only be created with religious feeling. Art is longing for God."

## Murals at the Gas Station

When British Garage Owner Arthur Lindley surveyed the creaking, pre-Elizabethan cottage he owns next door to his gasoline station at Piccott's End near Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, he saw a depressing sight. The wood was moldering, the rooftop sagged, grey plaster was flaking off the old brick walls. Disconsolately tugging at a damp patch of wallpaper in an upstairs bedroom, Lindley got the surprise of his life. A flap of wallpaper six layers thick, backed by linen cloth, tore away, revealing beneath a broad expanse of orange, grey, black, blue and yellow mural. Recalled Lindley: "I am not a fanciful man, but when I saw those paintings, the whole atmosphere of the room changed. It was as if those pictures were waiting to get out."

What Lindley had uncovered is today rated as a prime artistic find: five panels of 15th century medieval religious wall paintings, blurred but still color-bright. Experts guess that the cottage was once a pilgrims' wayhouse between British shrines. Except for purposeful defacing by some iconoclasts' pikes in the dim past, the murals remain as they were painted 450 years ago.

The discovery, made in 1953, caused little stir until a fortnight ago when Lindley's publicity-wise Shell Petroleum distributor got the press interested. Reporters and scholars flocked to the site. Sir Albert Richardson, president of the Royal Academy, traveled down to view the discovery, enthusiastically pronounced the paintings "unique." Said Egmont Lind, art restorer of Denmark's National Museum: "They are the only early wall paintings I have seen in England that have not been touched, apart from the deliberate disfigurement since the day they were painted."



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Bill Mauldin, pride of the G.I.'s, "elevated" himself enormously when he learned to fly a Piper Tri-Pacer. "In the air, at least, Daddy is Captain of the ship," Bill learned. The author of the famous "Up Front" tells all about it, in the matchless Mauldin manner, in a brand new little volume, "Up High with Bill Mauldin." A copy is yours FREE if you'll drop a card to Dept. T-2.

**PIPER**

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

Do you  
take more than  
**4**  
trips a year?

New, worry-free luggage  
of Koch Fibreglas is  
made especially for those  
who travel a lot

When other luggage is retired to the attic, Koch Fibreglas Luggage is still going strong. It is more resistant to scuffs, dents and punctures than any luggage ever made. Scuffs, grime and travel abuses that would mar other luggage for life are quickly and easily removed from Koch Fibreglas Luggage at home.

#### Koch Fibreglas Luggage Gives Lifetime Beauty

Sleek and smooth as a jet's wing, Koch Fibreglas Luggage keeps its well-tailored good looks intact, always marks the experienced traveler.

**Complete sets for men and women**  
Koch Fibreglas Luggage is made in six styles for men, in four colors, from \$44.50. There are six styles for women, in six high-fashion colors, from \$49.50.



SEE YOUR LUGGAGE DEALER FOR

**KOCH**  
PRONOUNCED "KOKE"

*Fibreglas Luggage*

DEPT. TCC  
CORTE MADERA, CALIFORNIA



## SCIENCE



COMMANDER DARE & STAR-TRACKER  
On a floating island, a fixed position.

International

### On Target

Looking forward to the day when it will have its own intermediate-range (1,500-mile) Fleet Ballistic Missile (the IRBM), the Navy this week placed in commission an experimental vessel named the *Compass Island*. The ship is jammed with feather-sensitive navigational equipment. The *Island's* mission: to test a navigational system capable of making the continuous hairline computations necessary to missile launching at sea.

The problem that has plagued Navy missile men up to now has been how to determine exactly and continuously where the ship is located on the earth's surface. At 1,500-mile range, such positioning becomes tremendously important to the missile's accuracy. Even under ideal launching conditions, missile men admit an intermediate missile is unlikely to hit closer than a quarter of a mile from the bull's-eye. If determinations of the target's direction and the ship's position are slightly off, the error can be disastrously larger. What makes the problem particularly difficult on shipboard is that the launching platform is continually moving.

The *Compass Island* is a 17,600-ton converted merchantman, commanded by James A. Dare. Without reference to any shore-based aids, the Ship's Inertial Navigational System (SINS), designed by M.I.T.'s Dr. Charles S. Draper, will furnish continuous position reports, the location of true north and the ship's speed. Essentially a super-refined gyroscopic system, SINS is self-correcting and will be continuously checked for accuracy against a star-tracker.

The bulk of the SINS equipment is housed in a 67-ton, temperature-controlled navigational tower that looms just forward of the superstructure in the most

rigid part of the ship. To protect the instruments from as much motion as possible, the *Compass Island* is equipped with wing-shaped gyrofins, which cut down roll from  $7\frac{1}{2}^\circ$  to a barely perceptible  $.4^\circ$ . Among the ship's other refinements: a giant, airfoil-shaped sonar dome beneath the keel that will measure ship's speed (and which has already earned the nickname "droop snoot").

Although all of *Compass Island's* instruments have been laboratory-tested, they have never before been tested at sea or linked together to form a whole system. With observing scientists from M.I.T. and Sperry Gyroscope aboard, *Compass Island* will put to sea in January to test SINS' accuracy in familiar Atlantic coastal waters. After that it will put back into port periodically to take on new equipment for testing. If the system functions as well as the Navy hopes, it may well be installed aboard submarines and other missile-launching vessels by the summer of 1958.

### Mother Goose in Space

Moved by an addiction to science fiction, former Boston Architect Frederick Winsor, 36, tried his hand at a new literary form: "space rhymes" for children and adults. The results, some of which appear in the current *Atlantic*, constitute a somewhat garbled tribute to the complexities of life, in or out of the nursery, in a mid-20th-century universe. A sample from *The Space Child's Mother Goose*:

*Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sheep.  
The radar has failed to find them.  
They'll all, face to face,  
Meet in Parallel Space,  
Preceding their leaders behind them.*



**PROGRESS CALLS  
FOR NICKEL**



**ONE OF 102** deep-sea amplifiers in the new trans-oceanic telephone cable system linking Europe and this continent. Every one has Inco Nickel or Platinum in it.

## **Inco Nickel in amplifying tubes of new trans-oceanic phone cable**

The world's first trans-oceanic telephone cable system is now completed.

And what a job it was . . . from start to finish!

What was the hardest part of the job? Not laying the cables, as you'd expect. One of the hardest was developing special deep-sea amplifiers that would work at the bottom of the ocean . . . without attention . . . for at least twenty years.

A tough problem, this.

But after exhaustive research, the Bell Telephone Company solved it . . . with the help of Inco Nickel and Inco Platinum.

There are 102 amplifiers or "voice boosters" in the twin cables. One about every 40 miles. And there's Inco Nickel or Platinum in the vacuum tubes of every one.

They're there—Inco Nickel or Platinum coated with Barium Strontium oxides—for two reasons:

1. They emit electrons: these electrons boost volume, do away with voice fade-away underwater.
2. These metals can be depended upon to work and last as long as the cable or longer.

### **Better communications promote better world understandings**

Inco Nickel or Platinum: together they are now helping make it easier for people in Europe and North America to talk things over.

Write for free booklet, "The Romance of Nickel." It will open

your eyes to the role of Inco Nickel in your life. Your future! The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 288e, New York 5, N. Y.



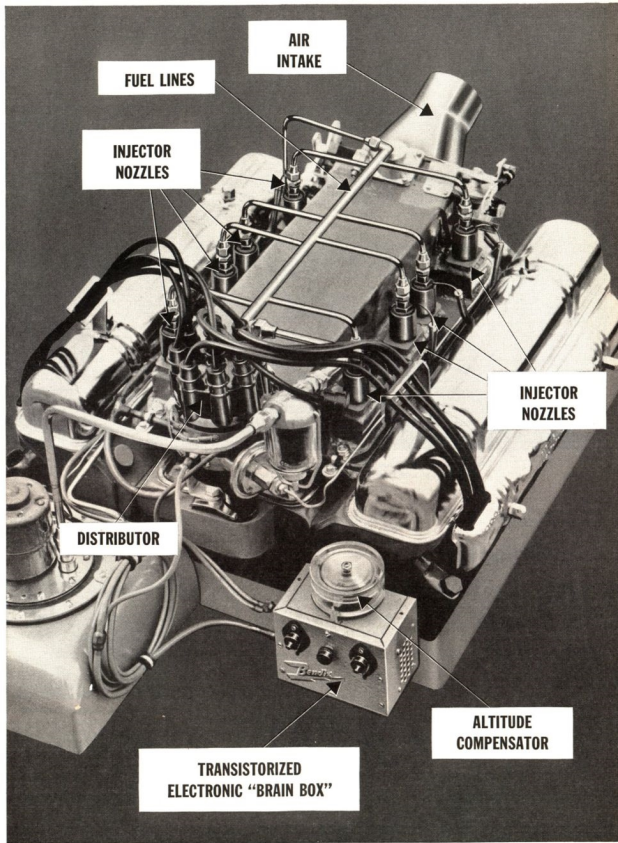
**ORE BY PIPELINE**, another Inco way of advancing Nickel output. Inco engineers are prompt to install new equipment and adopt new methods to make the mining and refining of Nickel more productive for the future. © 1956 T. I. N. Co., Inc.



## **Inco Nickel**

*. . . Your Unseen Friend*

**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.**



This installation is one of convenient arrangement on a mock-up engine. It is not an actual installation.

*Bendix Makes Automotive History Again!*

# **ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION**

---

## **FOR PASSENGER CARS**

**PROVIDES OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE AND ECONOMY**

This is the revolutionary ELECTRONIC fuel-injection system for passenger cars developed by Bendix Aviation Corporation. It makes automotive engines more efficient by increasing power and performance while reducing operating cost. Compared to the latest four-barrel carburetor designed for high-compression V-8 engines, ELECTRONIC fuel injection gives you an additional 10 to 20 horsepower—achieved at lower engine rpm where power counts most—boosts fuel economy and gives you quicker starts and warm-ups.

It does these things automatically—electronically. This is significant because: (1) It is the first application of electronics to an automotive engine; 2) By coming up with an ELECTRONIC fuel-injection system, Bendix has eliminated virtually all the many expensive moving parts common to other types of fuel injection, thus lowering cost and simplifying manufacture.

It is the first system developed which does not require a special drive off the engine. The completely transistorized electronic "brain box" instantly and automatically senses engine fuel requirements under all driving conditions, even compensates for altitude variations.

The new system saves so much space as compared to the carburetor and air cleaner mounted on top the engine that hood lines may be lowered even more for better styling and improved visibility. It helps the smog problem, too, caused by unburned exhaust gases.

Bendix† ELECTRONIC fuel injection has been completely road tested and is now being adapted to new-car engine requirements. It will be available on certain production models in a few months.

ELECTRONIC fuel injection is typical of Bendix practical pioneering. In the early days of the automobile when hand-cranking was a sales resistant, we came up with the famous Bendix\* starter drive. We designed the four-wheel braking system used on most cars today. Then came Bendix\* power brakes, power steering, better brake lining, quality carburetors, finer filters, electric fuel pumps, and many other devices.

ELECTRONIC fuel injection is a development of our Eclipse Machine Division, Elmira, N.Y. We invite you to write to this division direct for a new booklet which covers the subject in an interesting, non-technical manner.

†REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
TRADEMARK

*A thousand products*



*a million ideas*

## STATE OF BUSINESS

## Only the Beginning

For U.S. industry, which will spend an estimated \$35 billion on expansion this year, the talk last week was that 1956 is only the beginning. Speaking to the Investment Bankers Association in Hollywood, Fla., Bethlehem Steel Corp. President Arthur Bartlett Homer gave the steel industry's forecast for tomorrow and beyond: "We will have to increase capacity by more than 50% in the next 15 years to meet the continuing long-

announced last week that the figure was "very much on the conservative side." As predictions of future markets soar, General Electric may well have to boost its original estimate by a spectacular 40%. Said Reed: "There is no leveling off in the need for capital expenditures, and nothing in the picture to suggest any lessening of pressure for new equipment and facilities."

As for 1957, all predictions pointed to another record-smashing year. After a survey of 340 capital-goods producers and buyers, *FORTUNE* predicted that capital

## SHIPPING

## The Boom from Abroad

The hottest shares on the New York Stock Exchange last week were the shares of U.S. shipbuilders. New York Shipbuilding Corp. jumped from 36 to 54½ in two trading days; Newport News closed the week at 79½, or 29½ points above its 1956 low. American Ship Building rose from 97½ to 102. The greatest shipbuilding boom in the world's peacetime history had finally reached the U.S.

Long before Nasser seized the Suez Canal, the boom had started abroad in anticipation of a huge increase in the free world's oil consumption—and of possible trouble when Egypt could legally take over the canal in 1968. Today, more than 1,500 steamships and motorships, totaling 7,500,000 gross tons, are being built around the world. Great Britain, leader in the field, is constructing more than 2,000,000 gross tons, cannot promise deliveries on new orders until 1962. France is building 73 tankers and dry-cargo ships totaling 465,462 gross tons. This month the German shipbuilding industry reached an alltime peak.

**Hope Ahead.** Japan's shipyards are enjoying a tremendous revival, brought about, largely, by U.S. Shipbuilder Daniel K. Ludwig, owner of the world's second largest private fleet. Last week Ludwig's National Bulk Carriers, Inc., announced its future plans for two monstrous 103,000-ton oil and ore carriers—the world's biggest—to be built in its Kure, Japan shipyards.

High labor and construction costs, which in the past have taken business away from U.S. yards in favor of low-cost foreign builders, have kept the worldwide boom from reaching the U.S. sooner. But now that foreign shipyards have reached their capacity, the shippers have nowhere else to go. Two years ago, not a single U.S. shipyard had a new ship-construction contract; today 58 tankers and cargo ships are being built and 23 more are on order. The New York Shipbuilding Corp. has \$70 million worth of 1956 orders for tankers. Newport News has a quarter-billion-dollar backlog of orders. Mississippi's Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., biggest in the Deep South, has enough contracts to keep it busy through most of 1958.

**World's Biggest.** Like many another U.S. shipyard, Ingalls is not equipped to build the large ships now most urgently in demand, but it is already benefiting from the rush of orders to the larger eastern yards. "We are not going after the vessels of 60,000 tons and up," says Ingalls' President Monro Lanier. "But the demand for ships of that size is a stimulus that takes up market space in larger yards, leaving smaller ships for yards of less capacity." Although many U.S. yards, especially in the West, have not yet felt the initial boom, shipyards such as Kaiser's Vancouver, Wash. yard are being put into



STEEL'S McDONALD & HOOD AT HOMESTEAD  
Billions will bring capacity.

Associated Photographers

term growth needs of the American economy." In hard figures, said Steelman Homer, that means another 70 million tons of capacity, or a total of 200 million tons of steel annually by 1971. The expansion cost in the next 15 years: as much as \$21 billion.

At the Investment Bankers meeting last week, industry after industry gave similar forecasts. All added up to the greatest expansion program in history. Electric-plant investment alone will jump from less than \$4 billion annually to \$11 billion annually by 1970 to keep up with rapidly expanding demand. Railroads will have to spend \$20 billion on new equipment and facilities over the next ten years. The soft-coal industry, which is coming out of its postwar doldrums, will plunk down \$300 million annually for new mines and equipment in the years to come.

**"No Leveling Off."** To meet the goals, individual companies were boldly raising their already lofty sights. General Electric Chairman Philip D. Reed, whose company is committed to a \$500 million expansion program in the next three years,

spending (which includes farm outlay, office building, machinery purchases, etc., in addition to industrial expansion) would hit \$50 billion next year. Part of the dollar increase, said *FORTUNE*, will be the result of price rises, but even so, physical volume will increase greatly next year.

**Oil & Steel.** Scanning the statistics last week, businessmen had good reason to be optimistic. Cranking up to help supply Western Europe's oil shortage (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS); the U.S. oil industry was producing at the highest level in history, and the steel industry was straining hard to keep up with demand (see below). In Pittsburgh, U.S. Steel President Clifford F. Hood and Steelworkers Union Chief David J. McDonald formally opened a new office building at the Homestead plant, constructed out of a new kind of cost-cutting, space-saving stainless steel. Said Big Steel's President Hood: "This is the first true stainless-steel curtain-wall office building ever built. It marks the kickoff by U.S. Steel into a brand new market that has a potential demand for 500,000 tons of steel sheets yearly."



shape in anticipation of just such an overflow of orders—provided that the shortage in steel plate can be licked. "The shipbuilding industry will have to operate at 30% to 40% of its potential," says Leigh Sanford, president of the Shipbuilders Council of America, "if we don't get enough steel to meet our orders."

## COMMODITIES

### Sweet War Baby

Not since World War II has sugar, a traditional war baby, been traded so furiously on the commodity exchange. Future prices for the past several weeks have soared from \$3.30 to \$5.30 a 100 lbs., the highest since the Korean war. Last week U.S. sugar refiners in the North-east boosted their prices for the third time since October, to the highest figure since 1923.

The rise was not all due to the Middle East war scare. In the past few years the Cuban sugar surplus has dropped from 2,000,000 to less than 1,000,000 tons, and production has gone down in many sugar-producing countries. In a move to check the price rise, the Department of Agriculture last week increased the 1956 import quota for the eighth time this year.

## LABOR

### Steelworkers' Revolt

When the United Steelworkers' convention last September took up a resolution to raise members' dues from \$3 to \$5 a month—and incidentally hike President David McDonald's pay from \$40,000 to



STEELWORKER RARICK  
Pennies brought protest.

\$50,000—the union president twice reminded the delegates that he did not want the money, but carefully added: "It's only a penny a man per year." After three votes—by voice, show of hands, finally by standing—McDonald declared the motion "carried by an overwhelming vote." He refused permission for a roll-call vote, and delegates went home grumbling that the meeting was packed with union staff members who had no right to vote.

By last week the dues protest (TIME, Nov. 26) had snowballed into the biggest revolt in the Steelworkers' 20-year history. Spontaneously, over 100 of the union's 2,750 locals have passed resolutions for a special convention to rescind the dues hike, among them the 20,000-man Local 1014 at U.S. Steel's Gary (Ind.) plant, the Steelworkers' biggest unit. Even McDonald's home local 1272 at Jones & Laughlin's southside plant in Pittsburgh passed the protest resolution.

The revolt was uncoordinated, lacked funds and headquarters, had as its leader a little-known rank-and-filer named Don Rarick, 37, for 10 years a worker at U.S. Steel's Irwin works. A fortnight ago Rarick was also named to head the slate that will oppose the McDonald team in the union-wide elections next February. Said Rarick last week: "I dare McDonald to show that he's got as many steelworkers behind him as we've got."

Last week, taking his first official notice of the union revolt, McDonald called in newsmen, testily told them that dues protests had reached the point where they were creating "confusion, turmoil and distrust, and promoting dual unionism." He warned the protesters that their insubordination might well lead to expulsion from the union. Furthermore, even if the "dissenters" mustered a fourth of all the locals, as required by the Constitution to call a special convention, there would still be no such meeting. For the Constitution also held, said McDonald, that special conventions could deal only with "new business"; the dues matter was "old."

## TIME CLOCK

**CORPORATE-TAX CUT** will probably be put off another year, to 1958. Cut is scheduled next April 1 in corporate levies (from 52% to 47%), plus excise-tax reduction for liquor, cigarettes, autos, auto parts. But Treasury Department estimates slash would cost Government about \$3 billion, wants another twelve-month delay.

**HOWARD HUGHES** has been buying up 20th Century-Fox stock, reportedly owns biggest individual block of stock, 300,000 out of 2,644,486 outstanding. Wall Street speculated that he may be trying to get control of the company since his investment is now bigger than the holdings of the next biggest stockholders, former Fox Production Head Darryl Zanuck (about 130,000 shares). Textileman Lester Martin (about 70,000). Fox President Spyros P. Skouras (about 60,000).

**AIRWAY USERS' TAX** is under serious consideration by U.S. Government. Though no firm program to charge airlines for airport and airway operations has been worked out, Budget Director Percival F. Brundage feels that "this is an area where some kind of user charge may be practical."

**ALLEGHANY CORP.**, holding company headed by Robert R. Young, has lost round in long fight to avoid regu-

lation by SEC, stay instead under ICC jurisdiction. SEC disapproved Alleghany's plan, approved by ICC, to exchange its old stock for new. Jurisdiction question goes next month to U.S. Supreme Court.

**NEW LUXURY AUTOS** are being unveiled at Manhattan's National Auto Show this week. Among them: Cadillac's Eldorado Brougham (price: about \$12,000, with production held to 1,000 a year); Pontiac's Bonneville sports convertible with fuel injection (production limited to 2,000 in first year); Nash's Rambler Rebel, due this spring, has 255 h.p., optional fuel injection; Mercury's \$3,500 Turnpike Cruiser.

**FARM UPSWING** is reviving agriculture equipment makers after year long slump. International Harvester will add about 1,000 employees and increase tractor output from present 150 to 290 daily at Rock Island and Louisville plants, which were closed this fall for six weeks. Company's August-October sales hit near-record \$337 million, as farm prices edged up (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

**CLOSED-CIRCUIT COLOR TV** is coming next year for corporate sales meetings, and to show off new products. Newly formed closed-circuit

Telecasting System got six-month head start on competitors by buying first 30 big-screen projectors from RCA for \$250,000. Manhattan company will use projectors in auditoriums, hire RCA cameras and technicians, rent A.T. & T. wires to transmit color programs across U.S.

**IBM MACHINES** are going on sale, most of them for first time, as result of consent decree signed with Justice Department last January (TIME, Feb. 6). After decades of rental-only policy, IBM will sell accounting and tabulating machines, either old or new, that are installed up to July 25, 1958; from then on, only new machines will be sold. Sample prices: \$1,950 for a card punch v. \$40 monthly rental; \$1,700, 000 for 700 series electronic brain v. \$30,000 monthly rental.

**CHRYSLER PRODUCTION** slump is worrying dealers, who complain that they cannot get enough cars to meet big demand, that Plymouth station-wagon delivery has not even begun. Dealers ordered 350,000 Chrysler cars in first month after introduction of new models, but Chrysler will roll out only 252,000 autos by January. Reason: strikes and production trouble because Chrysler rushed complete redesign of all models in 20 months v. normal lead time of three years.

# THE PIGGYBACK BOOM

## Railroaders' Profits, Truckers' Problems

ATOP a steep, truck-clogged grade in California's Sierra Nevada mountains, the Southern Pacific Railroad recently erected a sign: "Take the trucks off the highway. Put the trucks on piggyback." The railroad's sign symbolized a growing problem for the U.S. trucking industry. Piggybacking, which was originally envisioned as a happy marriage between trucks and railroads, has zoomed 180% (to some 210,000 carloadings annually) since 1954, and the outlook is for a \$1 billion business by 1965. But so far, railroads have puffed off with most of the profits. Of 39 roads offering some form of piggyback service, only seven do business with common-carrier highway trucks; all the rest have set up their own piggyback truck lines, perform every service themselves.

As a result, though few truckers are being hurt yet, the industry wonders if piggybacking might not eventually do it more harm than good. Says W. Stanhaus, president of Spector Freight System, Inc., which operates some 1,700 tractors and trailers: "Some roads have been prone to discourage cooperation, provide an exclusive service of their own, engage in public relations and power politics campaigns that would indicate that they are primarily interested in the elimination of all forms of competition."

Many railroads are frank to admit that they are out to dominate piggybacking, argue that it is a matter of economic necessity. From 1939 to 1954, the railroads' share of intercity freight slumped from 63% to less than 50%, while the truckers' share jumped from 10% to 19%. Now, with the help of piggybacking, the roads hope to win back lost ground. Last year truck business slipped to 17.7%, while railroads just about held their own. Says Southern Pacific's Assistant General Freight Agent Ray F. Robinson: "Ninety-nine percent of our piggyback business is business we never had before—freight that had been moving over the highway." The Pennsylvania Railroad alone is getting \$10 million worth of new business annually by piggybacking. The Pennsy's forecast for 1960: \$100 million annually. Furthermore, profits from piggybacking are often higher than those from regular freight. The flatcars used by the Pennsy travel better than 300 miles per day and average \$40,000 revenue annually, vs. only 45 miles and a \$5,000 annual revenue from standard freight cars.

Two of the biggest piggybackers, the Pennsy and the New York, New Haven & Hartford, have elaborate cooperative

programs to handle truck-company trailers as well as their own, provide such economical service that more and more highway companies are putting their trailers on flatcars for trips of 500 miles or more. Drivers' wages (as high as \$175 a week), highway taxes and equipment costs are so steep that some truckers are thus able to snip as much as 9¢ per mile from their 30¢-per-mile highway costs. By going piggyback, says the Rail-Trailer Co., which solicits business for the railroads, one New York-Chicago trucker was able to chop his trip costs so much that his profit margin quintupled. Eastern Motor Express, Cooper-Jarrett, Mid-States Freight Lines, Spector Freight System, and Denver Chicago Trucking Co. currently use piggyback for some 10% to 20% of all their long-haul trips. Kansas City's Riss & Co., one of the biggest U.S. truckers, ships 600 trailers weekly by piggyback. As a result, the line has laid off some 1,000 of its original 1,350 drivers, is also planning to sell part of its 500-unit tractor fleet.

The trouble, say truckers, is that piggyback's impressive savings may prove their undoing. They fear that while short-run profits may rise, piggybacking leaves the door open for railroads to steal away bigger and bigger chunks of the freight market with their own trailer fleets. Says the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association, some of whose members look on piggybacking with a jaundiced eye: "Let's say the ABC trucking company operates a fleet of 1,000 power units and 1,500 trailers from the Midwest to the Eastern seaboard. Then the company decides to use piggyback. It disposes of 700 to 800 tractors, using the remaining motor units just to pick up and deliver piggyback trailers. It cuts its over-the-road fleet to the bone and drops many of its drivers. Then the railroad starts picking up freight, using its own trucks. ABC is out of business; it doesn't have equipment or drivers."

In any event, piggybacking is here to stay. And for all their arguments, truckers will have a tough time selling their worries to any U.S. motorist who has crawled painfully up a long grade behind a line of exhaust-spewing tractor-trailers. Atop the same mountain grades where the Southern Pacific has its piggyback signs, another series of signs has been put up by California citizens' committees. Their message: "Write your Congressman. Make U.S. 40 four lanes." Either that, or, as the Southern Pacific says, put the trucks on piggyback.

## WALL STREET

### How to Make \$5,000,000

The Securities and Exchange Commission, which has long worried over the way speculative Canadian stock issues pour into U.S. markets despite SEC regulations, last week got what it thought was a perfect example of how it is done. The case involved Great Sweet Grass Oils Ltd. and Kroy Oils Ltd., sister Canadian companies whose stock was recently suspended on the American Stock Exchange because the oil and asset claims looked suspicious (TIME, Nov. 5). But as SEC poked deeper in a hearing last week, it uncovered a series of transactions that seemed to duck around U.S. regulations and bring windfall profits for slick Canadian and American operators.

**Merger Series.** Under the law, before any stock can be sold in the U.S., the sellers must first file with SEC a prospectus disclosing the full facts; thus SEC has a chance to disapprove the registration and block the stock sale. Great Sweet Grass President Samuel Ciglen (who resigned after the hearings were scheduled) and his associates, according to testimony, had apparently taken advantage of a loophole in the law to sell stock. No registration—and no disclosure—is required if stock is issued solely to complete a merger. Thus, according to SEC, Ciglen and his friends had organized a bewildering series of mergers.

The first, said SEC, was a merger between Sweet Grass and a group of Oklahoma oilmen who formed a company called Depositors Mutual Oil Development Co., which had leases on Oklahoma oil lands. For \$1,900,000 they sold out to Sweet Grass. Meanwhile, Sweet Grass created 1,750,000 shares of stock, presumably to cover the merger and be issued to stockholders in D.M.O.D. But actually, said SEC, since the merger had already been paid for in cash, most of the stock wound up in President Ciglen's Toronto brokerage account.

**Sold by Phone.** Funneled down to Manhattan high-pressure, boiler-shop operators over a period of months, said SEC, the stock was sold by phone all over the U.S. for more than \$7,500,000 (including the brokers' 15% commission). Later, another 500,000 shares of Sweet Grass stock were issued to cover a merger with a Canadian company called Pitt Petroleum Ltd., and sold in the U.S. In a third merger, involving Kroy Oils and a Texas-Oklahoma company called Coronet Development Corp., Kroy officials, some of them also connected with Great Sweet Grass, issued 1,500,000 new shares of Kroy Oils stock, which in turn brought \$1,900,000 from gullible investors.

While SEC investigated in Washington, Great Sweet Grass was still being sold on Toronto's Stock Exchange last week, slipped to a new low of 80¢ per share, down from its high for the year of \$5.85. SEC, which has yet to hear the defense of company officers, estimates that it will be at least six weeks before any decision is reached on whether Sweet Grass and Kroy Oils should be permanently barred

## HOW YOU CAN HELP

No easy job — that of water works officials in your locality. Meeting steadily rising demands for water in growing communities poses big problems. Their solution is important — to you, your family, your town.

Fortunately, there are specific things you can do to help.

Don't waste water — ever.

Support realistic water rates.

Acquaint yourself with your locality's water works set-up. If yesterday's facilities can't properly fill today's and tomorrow's needs, push for modernization.

And when your water works officials specify cast iron pipe, you can be sure they're acting in your best interest. Here's why:

Over 70 American public utilities are still being efficiently served by cast iron mains laid over a hundred years ago.

### Cast Iron Pipe, Our Most Reliable Water Carrier



Laid over 100 years ago, this cast iron water main in Sacramento, Calif. is still serving. Today, modernized cast iron pipe, centrifugally cast, is even more rugged and longer lasting.

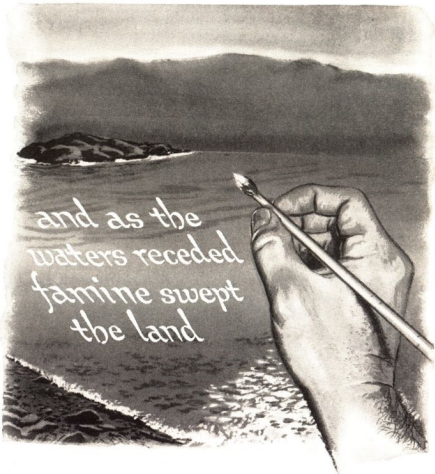
### Long Life for Gas Mains



This cast iron gas main, laid more than 100 years ago, still serves Providente Gas Company.

For more than a century many American utilities have used cast iron gas mains. They have paid for themselves many times over.

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3.



## History is written on water

Great civilizations of the past — Egypt, Persia, Babylonia — waned when their water sources dwindled.

It could happen to us . . . if we let it.

Today, for example, America's thirst for water is beginning to outrun its supply. Industry and homes use more and more water . . . billions of gallons daily.

Yet average annual rainfall

does not increase. And erosion of moisture-holding soil continues. What can you do?

Several things: encourage your water officials to plan in advance for necessary water facilities. Support realistic water rates and bond issues designed to increase your supply. And conserve where you can.

The hour is late . . . but not past if you will do your part.

# CAST IRON PIPE



# HOW

are we to find a target half a world away through an overcast at night?

**ARE WE** to use jets, rockets or atomic power?

**WHAT KIND** of weapons will the enemy have to employ against this craft?

**DO WE** have sufficient countermeasures?

**HOW HOT** will the craft get at supersonic speeds?

**HOW MUCH** will the strength of the materials from which it is designed be affected?

**WHAT ABOUT** vibration and flutter at these speeds?

**WHAT PROBLEMS** of stability are encountered in passing through the sonic barrier?

As with the all new B-58, America's first, supersonic bomber, and the first aircraft to be built under the "weapons-system" concept, these and seemingly endless other questions must be answered by CONVAIR-FORT WORTH'S engineers and scientists as the designs of fewer newer aircraft progress.

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from trading on U.S. exchanges. But on the basis of the first week's testimony, said Phillip A. Loomis, head of SEC's Trading and Exchanges Division, "someone made around \$5,000,000 on the initial deal alone."

## BUSINESS ABROAD India's Host

In India, where Horatio Alger sagas are as rare as Hindu beefeaters, one of the rare exceptions is the career of Mohan Oberoi, India's Conrad Hilton and a one-time farm boy from the Punjab who started out in 1921 without a rupee to his name. He now owns a \$20 million interest in Oberoi Hotels (India) Ltd., a string of 13 hotels, and a luscious beach guest house on the Bay of Bengal that has been host alike to nabobs, maharajas and Socialist Jawaharlal Nehru. Last week at 56, Hotelman Oberoi was constructing in New Delhi Asia's most modern hotel, the nine-story, 200-room, completely air-conditioned Oberoi Intercontinental.

When completed in October 1957, the Oberoi Intercontinental will have an acre-large artificial lily pond for boating, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a glassed-in rooftop restaurant, 20 stores clustered around a patio. Cost, including land and fixtures: \$2,250,000. Last week, on a flying trip to the U.S., Oberoi was busy negotiating a deal to bring Pan American World Airway's Intercontinental Hotel Corp. into the operation of his new hotel, match its spotlight facilities with equally modern management.

**Iron Tubs & Partnership.** Thirty-five years ago Mohan Oberoi landed his first job as \$5.50-a-week desk clerk in Simla's Cecil Hotel, part of the British-owned Associated Hotels Ltd. At the time, India's inns had no room service, no running water. Guests bathed in galvanized iron tubs and brought their own servants, who bedded down in the hotel halls. Oberoi learned fast; by 1927 he was chief clerk at Simla's Clarke's Hotel, and a few years later bought a one-third partnership for \$2,200 down, \$6,000 later. In 1933 the Clarkes sold out to their former clerk, and the Oberoi chain had its first link.

Link No. 2 came after typhoid from polluted water killed several foreign guests in Calcutta's renowned Grand Hotel and forced it to close. As the onetime haunt of Britain's royalty and India's maharajas became known derisively as the "blackest hole of Calcutta," Oberoi saw an opportunity. He talked the hotel's liquidators into a low-cost five-year lease, although his total resources were \$67 in the bank and his mortgaged Simla hotel. He tore out the Grand's rat-infested plumbing, offered typhoid-worried guests unlimited soda water even for washing, installed well-built White Russian chorus girls in the hotel's three nightclubs. World War II converted the shaky gamble into a roaring business: the Grand began bedding down 600 to 900 Allied officers, serving 2,000 meals daily, pouring 20,000 drinks a night. But profits were low, and Oberoi decided that what he really needed was "a whole chain of hotels."



H. Vyrovalla  
**HOTELMAN OBEROI**  
The Conrad Hilton of the Punjab.

**Profit & Plumbing.** In 1943 poor management in the Associated Hotels chain gave Oberoi his chance. As Associated stock sagged from \$2 to 20¢ on the Calcutta exchange, Oberoi and some partners bought up 54% of the stock, and with it, Associated's eight hotels. Others soon followed as Oberoi improved his hotels. He put modern toilet facilities in every room, central heating and air conditioning into the Grand Hotel in Calcutta and the Imperial in New Delhi. Swiss, German and French managers—bone-bred hoteliers—into most of his hotels. By Indian standards his hotels are excellent, but by U.S. standards they lag, and Oberoi knows it, hopes the prospective tie to Pan Am's Intercontinental will help.

Today the Oberoi chain sprawls over India, Kashmir and Pakistan, has 1,715 rooms, 4,500 employees, a yearly turnover of 355,000 guests. Profits (before taxes and depreciation) jumped to \$1,250,000 last year from \$950,000 in 1954. Oberoi believes that the future is even brighter. By 1960 the growing flood of tourists will require another 1,200 rooms in New Delhi alone. In the rest of India, hotel keepers will have to double the number of rooms.

## GOVERNMENT Storm Warning

Can the U.S. tax a foreign company owned by Americans? The Government believes it can, if the owners conducted any of its operations in the U.S. Last week Government lawyers submitted an unprecedented brief to a U.S. tax court in Cleveland to try to collect more than \$2,000,000 in back taxes from Consolidated Premium Iron Ores, Ltd., a Canadian mine holding company and its owners, Cleveland Financier Cyrus Eaton, chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and William R. Daley, owner of the Cleveland Indians.

The intricate tax case dates back to



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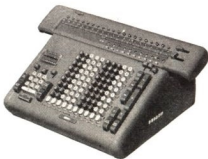
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1942, when Eaton set out to finance a new iron mine under Steep Rock Lake in western Ontario (TIME, Nov. 16, 1942, *et seq.*). Eaton raised \$2,250,000 from U.S. investors, got the RFC to lend Steep Rock another \$5,000,000, and got agreements from the Canadian and Ontario governments that would exempt Steep Rock from paying taxes until iron was produced.

In return, Eaton's new company, Consolidated Premium, got 1,437,000 shares of Steep Rock stock for a penny apiece when the stock averaged \$1.67 on the Toronto Exchange. After Steep Rock got into production, it paid its investors (including Consolidated) handsomely, last year netted more than \$9,000,000.

As with Steep Rock, Canada waived corporate income taxes on Consolidated Premium for the first three years. Since 1945, Consolidated has paid Canadian taxes, but none to the U.S. Now the U.S. contends that Consolidated ran its offices in Cleveland until 1950, therefore, owes \$300,000 in U.S. taxes from 1944 to 1949. In addition, the U.S. wants more than \$1,500,000 from Eaton, and more than \$388,000 from Daley in back personal income taxes for 1943, the year of the stock transfer.

Last week, Canada's Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent sent off a note to the U.S. State Department emphasizing that Canada did not support the U.S. attempt to tax a Canadian company. Canadian and U.S. financiers feared that if the U.S. can collect against Consolidated Premium, other Canadian companies with trans-border operations and U.S. stockholders will be liable to similar tax raids.

## REAL ESTATE

### Beauty Treatment

The shabbiest street in midtown Manhattan is the Avenue of the Americas, still known to Manhattanites by its old name, Sixth Avenue. Its hole-in-the-wall souvenir shops, cut-rate stores, bars, and delicatessens sprawl in an incongruous line between the luxury of Fifth Avenue and the tinsel of Broadway. But last week Sixth Avenue made an appointment for a beauty treatment. Real Estate Men Peter B. Ruffin and John Galbreath, who built Manhattan's 45-story new Secony Mobil Building (TIME, Oct. 1), announced plans for a 60-story, \$50 million to \$60 million stainless-steel-sheathed skyscraper, with the most floor space of any postwar U.S. office building.

The site on the east side of Sixth Avenue between 51st and 52nd Streets, just north of Radio City Music Hall, has been leased from the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which is financing the project and intends to build its own new home office directly across Sixth Avenue. One famed 51st Street institution to be affected is Toots Shor's Restaurant. Shor will hold out at his present base until a new home is built for him in a wing of the skyscraper, move in without missing a meal while the rest of the building is going up.



PROJECTED 60-STORY SKYSCRAPER  
New front on the back street.

## PERSONNEL

### Changes of the Week

¶ David M. Kennedy, 51, vice president of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Co. of Chicago, ninth largest bank in the U.S. (total deposits: \$2,473,000,000), was elected president to succeed Carl A. Birdsall, who died three weeks ago. The Mormon son of a Utah rancher, Dave Kennedy graduated from Weber College ('28) in Ogden, Utah, then served the customary two-year term as a Mormon missionary in England. Afterwards he joined the Federal Reserve as a technical assistant to the director of bank operations, spent nights studying law and economics at George Washington University. In 16 years Kennedy moved up through the Federal Reserve's research and statistical division, became special assistant to then Chairman Marriner Eccles. After the war he joined Continental Illinois, a year later became a vice president in the bond department.

¶ Maurine Jacobs, 42, vice president and cashier of Dallas' National Bank of Commerce (total deposits: \$15,578,110), became president, thus joined the small group of women bank presidents. She succeeded Jean Baptiste Adoue Jr., former Dallas mayor, who died of a heart attack three weeks ago. In his will Adoue left Banker Jacobs his entire holding of 676 of the bank's 1,500 outstanding shares of stock; previously she had held only 35 shares of her own. A native of Dallas, she graduated from the Dallas chapter of the American Institute of Banking, began her banking career with the National Bank of Commerce as a secretary to the cashier, rose through the ranks.



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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Floyd Patterson, 21, and Sandra Elizabeth Hicks Patterson, 18: their first child, a daughter, four hours and 23 minutes before Boxer Patterson anesthetized creaky old Archie Moore to become heavyweight champ (see SPORT); in New York City. Name: Seneca. Weight: 6 lbs. 2 oz.

**Married.** Joni James (real name: Joan Carmella Babbo), 26, tiny (5 ft. 1 in.) jukebox thrush (*Your Cheatin' Heart*); and Anthony Acquaviva, 30, her manager; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Charles Peete, 27, American Association batting champ (he hit .350 this year for the St. Louis Cardinals' Omaha farm club); his wife Nettie and their three small children; en route to Valencia, Venezuela, where Negro Centerfielder Peete was to play winter ball; in the crash of an airliner near Caracas.

**Died.** Thomas Francis (Tommy) Dorsey Jr., 51, hot-tempered hot trombonist and bespectacled "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing"; of suffocation in his sleep during an attack of nausea; in Greenwich, Conn. Tommy and his elder brother, Saxophonist Jimmy, called their first band (1920) "Dorsey's Novelty Six," later razed up the title to "Dorsey's Wild Canaries." The Dorseys riffed through the jazz-dazzled '20s under Bandleaders Paul Whiteman, Red Nichols and Rudy Vallee, by 1934 had formed the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra, within a year hit the bigtime of the big-band era. Then Tommy stomped off the bandstand in a tiff over tempo, truculently hired his own band, by the time (1953) he and Jimmy were playing together regularly again, had made a pile of cash (\$900,000 a year at one point) and some fine jazz (*Opus 1, Well Git It*) and swing (*Song of India, Marie*).

**Died.** Benjamin Platt Thomas, 54, Lincoln scholar, whose Abraham Lincoln (1952) was generally considered the best modern one-volume biography of the President; by his own hand (revolver) during a period of depression caused by throat cancer; in Springfield, Ill.

**Died.** Mrs. Else F. Schlemmer, petite, fiftyish, Danish-born widow of William F. Schlemmer, longtime (1916-45) owner of Hammacher Schlemmer, Manhattan's classy housewares knickknack (sea-urchin paste, bronze fig leaves for statues) dispensary, who took over the firm, ran it for eight years after her husband's death, in 1952 named more than 100 store employees in her sizable will; after long illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Vice Admiral (ret.) Leslie Clark Stevens, U.S.N., 61, onetime (1947-49) U.S. naval attaché in Moscow, earlier (1937-44) in charge of Bureau of Aeronautics development of World War II naval aircraft; of a heart attack; in San-

ford, Fla. Admiral Stevens spoke Russian fluently, understood Russia's history and literature, grew to like the Russian people as much as he disliked their government, wrote a thoughtful, objective book (*Russian Assignment*) on his experiences. Rusophile Stevens' prediction: "As surely as light follows darkness, the problems created in a decent people by the forced maintenance of power will somehow in the end destroy that power."

**Died.** Charles Elmer (Charley) Rochester, 63, Manhattan hotelman, longtime (1937-55) manager of the Lexington, where he established (1937) the famed Hawaiian Room, where tourists feasted with orchid leis ogle Polynesian cuties; of a heart attack; in New Canaan, Conn.

**Died.** Emil Georg Buehrle, 66, multimillionaire art collector and sole owner of Switzerland's vast armaments-making Oerlikon Machine Tool Works; of a heart attack; in Zurich. German-born Weapons-Maker Buehrle, reputedly Switzerland's richest man, got his firm blacklisted during World War II by peddling his 20-mm. antiaircraft gun to the Axis.

**Died.** Lieut. General Lewis Andrew Pick, 66, U.S. Army (ret.), onetime (1949-52) chief of Army Engineers, who rammed through (1943-45) the Army's tortuous, 478-mile Leda Road ("Pick's Pike") through Burma, later (1946) began construction of a dam network project (the Pick-Sloan plan) to tame the rambunctious Missouri River, directed (1949) "Operation Snowbound" to relieve storm-clogged Northern states, while head of Army Engineers built the Air Force base at Thule, Greenland; in Washington, D.C.

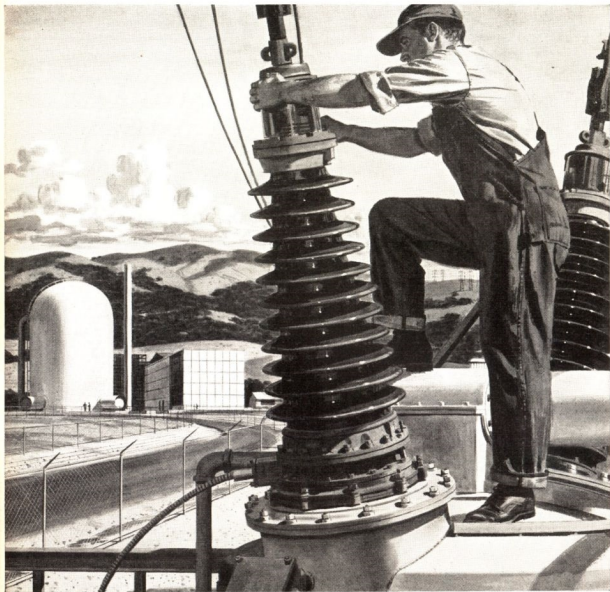
**Died.** Harry C. Black, 69, Baltimore philanthropist and board chairman (since 1930) of the A. S. Abell Co., publishers of the *Sunpapers*; of a heart attack; in Boynton Beach, Fla.

**Died.** Edward Joseph Hart, 70, onetime (1911) All-America tackle, twice (1910-11) captain of Princeton's football team, who once played two games while wearing a cast for a broken neck; of a heart attack; in Toronto. The late Grantland Rice's estimate: "One of the great tackles of all time."

**Died.** Jean Schwartz, 78, Hungarian-born oldtime vaudeville pianist and songwriter, who composed *Chinatown*, *My Chinatown* (with longtime Partner William Jerome), Al Jolson's *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody*, and *Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land*; in Sherman Oaks, Calif.

**Died.** George Thomas Moore, 85, noted botanist, leading authority on algae, and longtime (1912-50) director of St. Louis' famed Missouri Botanical Garden; in St. Louis.





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## New Era

M-G-M Production Chief Dore Schary got the ax last week. Stockholders were dissatisfied because they thought that profits under Schary's eight-year regime had not been high enough (TIME, Nov. 12). What softened the blow for Schary was a \$1,000,000-plus settlement to be spread over about ten years. Schary is the fourth Hollywood production boss to go in recent months. The others: 20th Century-Fox's Darryl Zanuck, Paramount's Don Hartman, Columbia's Jerry Wald. Schary's ousting put the movie industry's seal on the end of an old era—the period of major studios with their assembly-line production of dozens of movies every year. The new era features independent production in which each movie gets autonomous handling even when it is done within the framework of a big studio. The man most likely to succeed Schary: Ben Thau, a top M-G-M executive known as a tough businessman.

## The New Pictures

**The Teahouse of the August Moon** (M-G-M). John Patrick's Broadway play based on Vern Sneider's novel, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1954. Translated to the screen by Playwright Patrick and Director Daniel Mann, it will probably impress most entertainment shoppers as one of the better comedy buys of the season.

Like the play, the movie makes a pleasant pretense of seeing America—by seeing American military government—as others see it. Along with the banalities of democracy, though, the authors have provided one of the most hilarious stripe teases of recent years. The big laugh is on Colonel Wainwright Purdy III (Paul Ford), who goes by the book (though he usually reads it upside down). "They're gonna learn democracy if I've gotta shoot every one of them," the colonel roars at Captain Fisby (Glenn Ford) as he bids the captain Godspeed to the village of Tobiki on Okinawa, where Fisby is assigned as military governor.

According to the book, the captain's first order of business is to deliver an address to the populace, explaining to them what democracy is and that they have it. Fisby explains. Everybody cheers. The captain is delighted—until his interpreter, a picturesque chink in U.S. defenses who is known as Sakini (Marlon Brando), explains that during 800 years of foreign occupation the Okinawans have learned to cheer whoever is in charge, no matter what he says. The captain is badly shaken—and so begins an alarming assault on American theory by Okinawan practice, a shameless corruption of democracy by the rule of the people.

Captain Fisby tries desperately to Get Down to Business, but Sakini keeps slyly bringing him pleasure in the form of the local geisha girl, name of Lotus Blossom (Machiko Kyo). He pleads eloquently for

the erection of a pentagon-shaped schoolhouse, but Tobiki has suddenly worked up a democratic impulse to build a tea-house for its geisha girl to work in. In the end, when Colonel Purdy drops in for a surprise inspection, he sees before him a peculiar democratic vista. Captain Fisby, wandering around town in sandals and kimono, is directing the operations of the Tobiki Brewing Co., a cooperative corporation whose product—a local Sneaky Pete distilled from sweet potatoes—has proven sensationally popular with U.S.



KYO, BRANDO & FORD  
Charm amid banalities.

troops in the Far East, and whose profits have made the villagers wealthy.

In short, the only important difference between the play and the picture is its cast. Paul Ford, as the colonel, is the only carryover, and in closeup he seems even more a master of the cruder kinds of deadpan mime. Glenn Ford is amiable as young Captain Fisby; Machiko Kyo, one of the most gifted of Japanese cinemactresses, is pleasantly giggly in a part that scarcely taxes her abilities. As Sakini, Marlon Brando seems to proclaim with every gesture that his talent is too big for his coolie britches.

**The Magnificent Seven** (Toho; Columbia). Arms and the men have seldom been more stirringly sung than in this tale of bold enterprise in old Nippon. In his latest film, Akira Kurosawa (*Rashomon*) has plucked the epic string. And though at times, in the usual Japanese fashion, some dismal flats and rather hysterical sharps can be heard, the lay of this Oriental minstrel has a martial thrum and fervor that should be readily understood even in those parts of the world that do not speak the story's language. Violence, as Kurosawa eloquently speaks it, is a universal language.

The story is set in medieval Japan,



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when the common people groaned beneath the rule of outlaw and disorder. A village in a valley is its hero and its theme. Loud are the wails of its inhabitants when a farmer who has overheard some bandits plotting on the hill comes down to tell the village that it will be raided as soon as the rice is cut. But one man, Rikichi (Yoshio Tsuchiya), whose wife was carried off in the last raid, does not wait; he resolves to fight. And the wise old man who lives in the mill reveals to the villagers a way to fight: hire soldiers to fight for you. But how can poor farmers possibly afford to pay soldiers? Let them be hungry soldiers, the sage explains, and pay them with rice.

It is done. Two weeks later Rikichi returns from the nearest city at the head



SAMURAI

Violence is a universal language.

of an army—of seven samurai. What follows is a sort of military eclogue, wandering and sometimes tedious, as war and country life are apt to be, but flaring up again and again with a wonderfully natural effect of shock and unexpectedness. At the last, victor and vanquished alike, heaving their cutlasses, sink into the muck of the rice fields; and freedom, when it is born, comes staggering up from the mud all men are made of.

The image is shattering in its simple physical force. Again and again, Kurosawa sends a dark thrill through his audience with a touch of sensuous physical reality. A reflection of flames plays upon a young wife's cheek, explaining its softness. An old man speaks, and the spectator can clearly hear the slobber as it slides up and down his throat. Effective as it is, there is nevertheless something tiresome in all this sensuality. In *The Magnificent*



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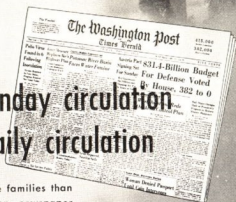
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*Seven*, as in *Rashomon*, Kurosawa has provided a feast of impressions, but has skimmed on some of the more essential vitamins. The characters are clearly written and admirably played, especially the leader of the Samurai (Takashi Shimura). But only rarely does the story seem to drop through the floor of everyday reality into the moral hell that war really is. Unlike some of his Japanese colleagues, Director Kurosawa is not centrally concerned with spiritual statement. He would rather make a social comment, and in *The Magnificent Seven* he makes a biting one.

**Teenage Rebel** (20th Century-Fox) is not nearly so bad a movie as the title—with its overtones of juvenile delinquency—makes it seem. Adapted from last season's Broadway near miss, *A Roomful of Roses* (TIME, Oct. 31, 1955), the movie describes a skirmish in the unending teenagers v. parents' revolution. The rebel, in this case, is the maladjusted daughter of divorced parents. At 15, the youngster visits her remarried mother (Ginger Rogers) for the first time in eight years. Her mother and stepfather (Michael Rennie) sympathetically figure that the hostile, resentful girl is merely a little bundle of misery. The boy next door is less sympathetic. "Am I losing my charge," he wonders aloud, after she holds him at arm's length, "to be turned down by a creep?" In the language of her contemporaries, she is a square who wants to fit into a world that is round. In the end, after her mother and the boy next door smooth off some of the rough edges, she does. Betty Lou Keim, as the girl, is too convincing a little stinker to generate much pathos, and Ginger Rogers is too rapid a mother to rouse much sympathy. But the acting is competent, the big scenes affecting. In fact, the whole thing is a lot better than most of the drama the moviegoer could see at home on TV.

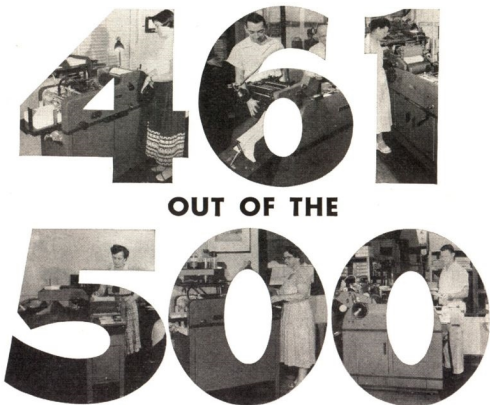
#### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Marcelino.** A miracle play filled with a shining sweetness, made in Spain by Director Ladislao Vajda (TIME, Nov. 26).  
**Viteloni.** One of the best of the Italian-made movies—a biting but not bitter satire of small-town life by Federico Fellini, who directed *La Strada* (TIME, Nov. 5).

**Around the World in 80 Days.** Producer Mike Todd, with the help of Jules Verne, 46 stars and \$6,000,000, has created what is certainly the most spectacular travelogue ever seen on the screen (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Wee Geordie.** The stiffest comic punch the British have delivered since *High and Dry*—an intoxicating mixture of Scotch and wry; with Bill Travers, Alastair Sim (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Giant.** In a big (3 hr. 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's best-seller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).



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## BOOKS

### Bonjour Ennuie

Precocious Novelist Françoise Sagan, 21, is probably France's most successful export to the U.S. since French fried potatoes and Chanel No. 5. Her neat, sentimentally acid little accounts of old-hearted juveniles and middle-aged delinquents were widely cheered by the critics, eagerly bought by the customers. Still on the bestseller list after 16 weeks is *A Certain Smile* (TIME, Aug. 20), a thin quadrangle story about an ever-so-wise teen-ager, her ever-so-world-weary lover, the lover's all-understanding wife and the girl's rather sappy boy friend. In *Harper's Bazaar*, witty Playwright Jean Kerr (wife of New York Drama Critic Walter Kerr) gets a lot of certain laughs out of *A Certain Smile*, in a spoof that expresses the quintessence of Saganism:

Banal and I were classmates. Our eyes had met, our bodies had met, and then someone introduced us . . . A stranger across the booth spoke, "Monique, what are you staring at, silly girl?" It was Banal. Curious that I hadn't recognized him. Suddenly I knew why. A revolting look of cheerfulness had twisted and distorted those clear young features until he seemed actually to be smiling . . .

His voice followed me, humbly and at a distance like a spaniel. "Monique, what did you skip class? We were studying the *Critique of Pure Reason*. It was interesting, but I think Kant offers a false dichotomy. The only viable solution is to provide a synthesis in which experience is impregnated with rationality and reason is ordained to empirical data."

How like Banal to say the obvious . . . Why must we chatter fruitlessly and endlessly about philosophy and politics? I confess that I am only interested in questions that touch the heart of another human being—"Who are you sleeping with?"; "What do you take for quick relief from acid indigestion?"

Banal's voice droned on like a chorus of cicadas on a hot day until finally there was a statement I couldn't ignore. "Monique, I want you to meet my grandfather, Anatole. My rich grandfather." A slight, stooped man came toward me. He was no longer middle-aged, but I liked that. I was so tired of these eager boys of 20. His hair, which was greenish white, might have been unpleasant had there been more of it. As he smiled gently, showing his small, even, ecru teeth. I thought, "Ah, he's the type that's mad for little girls." In fact, hadn't I read that he'd had some trouble with the police? . . .

I realized with a sudden stab of joy that finally I had met a man who was as bored as I was . . . Now Banal was speaking, in his infantile way. "Do you know Monique has never seen the sea?" Then a woman spoke, Anatole's wife. "Why, that's awful that this poor child has never seen the sea. Anatole, darling,

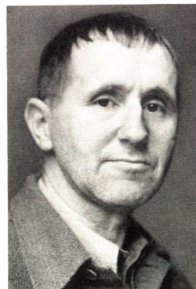


Alfred Esontow—Life  
SATIRIST KERR  
Bed and bored.

you must take her to our little château by the ocean. I won't be able to come because I'm redecorating the town house. But there is plenty of food in the frigid-aire, and Monique will be able to see the ocean from the bedroom. Here are the keys." I liked her for that . . .

We were in Anatole's open car. Overhead the sky was blue as a bruise. Anatole's voice seemed to come from a great distance: "Bored, darling?" I turned to him. "Of course—and you?" His answering smile told me that he was.

And now we were running up the long flight of steps to the château hand in



Fred Stein  
NOVELIST BRECHT  
Steal and irony.

hand like two happy children, stopping only when Anatole had to recover his wind . . . "My darling," he said, "I hope I have made it perfectly clear that so far as I am concerned you are just another pickup."

"Of course," I whispered. How adult he was, and how indescribably dear. So the golden days passed . . . And who could describe those nights? Never in my relationship with Banal had I felt anything like this. Ah, how rewarding it is to share the bed of a really mature man. For one thing, there was the clatter and the excitement four times a night as he leaped to the floor and stamped on his feet in an effort to get the circulation going. My little pet name for him, now, was Thumper.

The last day dawned cold and bright as a star. Anatole was waiting for me out in the car. So I packed my few belongings, ran a nail file through my curls, and joined him.

What shall I say of the pain of that ride back to Paris? . . . We pulled up to my front door, and then the blow fell. "Monique," he said, "little one, I have been bored with you. Nobody can take that away from us. But the truth is, and I know how this will hurt you, I am even more bored with my wife. I'm going back to her."

He was gone. I was alone. Alone, alone, alone. I was a woman who had loved a man. It was a simple story, prosaic even. And yet somehow I knew I could get a novel out of it.

### Dirty Work & Savage Fun

THREEPENNY NOVEL (396 pp.)—Bertolt Brecht—Grove Press (\$3.75; Paperbound, \$1.75).

This is a corrosively funny novel about business chicanery. Its unlikely author: a Communist with an irrepressible sense of humor. In *Three Penny Novel*, the late German Playwright and Novelist Bertolt Brecht takes the position that business is crime conducted in an aura of respectability. His book is somehow engaging despite this classic Marxist idea, because of its raffishly vital characters who make all the Cash McCalls in their grey flannel suits seem as sedate, proper and wooden as the panning of their executive suits.

In the markedly different guise of *The Threepenny Opera*, some of the same characters have long delighted theater audiences. Both the musical play, with a brilliant score by Brecht's friend Kurt Weill, and Brecht's novel stem from John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). The novel was curiously ignored by U.S. reviewers when it appeared in translation in 1938 as *A Penny for the Poor*, possibly because its turn-of-the-century London setting scarcely conformed to the modish social-protest patterns of the '30s. Social protest the book certainly is, but of an unsparing misanthropy that crosses all class lines. In a dimly lit, neither world of total amorality, human sharks snap at and devour each other as instinctively as do their marine cousins on the ocean floor.

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killer and gang leader, once popularly known as "The Knife." At novel's start, Mac still has his gang, though none but his intimate henchmen know it, and while he carries a swordstick cane, he is prudent enough never to use it. Mac is a progressive crook who has come to see not the error of his ways but his means: "What is a picklock compared to a debenture share? What is the burgling of a bank compared to the founding of a bank? What is the murder of a man compared to the employment of a man?"

**Crocodile Tears.** In his drive toward legalized larceny, Mac founds a chain of B. (for Bargain) Shops that sell cut-rate goods to the poor. To supply them, he turns his gang into a kind of quartermaster looting corps which burgles other shops by night. In plots and counterplots of Chaplinesque strategy and Napoleonic execution, Mac reduces his competitors to strapons in his own trade empire and is elected a bank director into the bargain.

**Shark No. 2** is a more bizarre sort. Jonathan Jeremiah Peachum supplies beggars with accessories for plying their trade—horribly mutilated artificial arms and legs, uniforms for phony veterans, starving dogs ("A blind man with a fat dog has very little prospect of exciting real pity"). The Boer War makes Peachum yearn to be something loftier than "the beggar's friend," and in partnership with a gifted con man, he proceeds to sell three rotting hulks to the Admiralty, which needs ships for the relief of the brave lads at Mafeking. The con man promptly tries to con Peachum, and the complicated negotiations with the avaricious partners alternately licking their chops or woefully chopfallen are among the choicest comic morsels in the book. When one of the ships sinks, scarcely out of eyeshot of the pier, with the loss of every soldier aboard, a national day of mourning is proclaimed—but Peachum has a profit of £150,000 to sweeten his crocodile tears. He is also the contented father-in-law of MacHeath, who has married Peachum's daughter Polly, a coquettish chippy off the old block.

**Black Comedy.** What is this almost obscene triumph of skulduggery supposed to mean? Brecht (who for years before his death served as a propaganda mouthpiece in East Germany) sums it up in one of those ditties that he used to spit out by the dozen:

*How does Man live? By throttling,  
grinding, sweating  
His fellows, and devouring all he  
can! . . .*

*No, gentlemen, this truth we cannot  
shirk:*

*Man lives exclusively by dirty work.*

Despite its English setting, this is a bilious misanthropy more common in Germany between the two world wars, and its nearest visual equivalents are the savage cartoon pictures the German Artist George Grosz drew in the '20s of bloated industrialists, pawing seductress and corpse-faced military fanatics. *Threepenny Novel* is in the black-comedy genre of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* and Melville's *The Con-*



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idence Man. Americans can and will laugh at it. Nonetheless, it is necessary to remember that not so long ago millions of people used to take this sort of monstrous caricature as the truth—and many still do.

## Masks of Genius

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: MAN OF THE CENTURY (969 pp.)—Archibald Henderson—Appleton-Century-Crafts (\$12).

Fifty-one years ago, Bernard Shaw found his Boswell in Archibald Henderson, a stage-struck mathematics professor from the University of North Carolina. In 1911 and 1932, Henderson produced "authorized" biographies of Ireland's cranky genius. This book lacks the official imprimatur, because it was completed after



E. O. Hoppé

AUTHORS SHAW & HENDERSON  
The Bard taught the Beard.

Shaw's death, but it is the most massively, not to say crushingly, definitive Shaw biography ever written.

A half-century of hero worship is not the best school for criticism. But though Henderson's judgments on Shaw are uniformly gentle, they are not undiscerning. The only writer of whom Shaw could be said to be jealous was Shakespeare: Henderson concedes the Beard's criticism of the Bard to have been often "provocative, unilateral, unjust, savage and false." And he credits Shakespeare with teaching Shaw "the technique of ultra-naturalism in dialogue," just as Molière schooled him in "the plotless conversation piece," and Dickens showed him how to exaggerate characters "far beyond verisimilitude."

Henderson sees that Shaw's derision of love, romance, sexual passion, patriotism and family solidarity was the calculated result of a determined intellectual effort to make men look freshly at all they had previously accepted without question. Shaw repeatedly committed that sin against society for which Socrates was condemned to death: he made the worse

seem the better part. As Albert Einstein once put it, Shaw had "succeeded in gaining the love and the joyful admiration of mankind by a path which for others has led to martyrdom."

The book, which follows another vast, able biography by St. John Ervine (*Time*, Sept. 24), contains much that is new, from correspondence with Sidney and Beatrice Webb to Shaw's own words—enough of them to fill an ordinary volume. It is as thoroughly documented for the time when Shaw was a Dublin clerk as for the time of his London pre-eminence. Yet the total effect is one of mystery. All his life Shaw shouted his ideas from the world's rooftops. But even an "authorized" biographer like Archibald Henderson is full of hesitations in deciding which of Shaw's contradictory views is the one he truly believed, and whether or not there was a true face beneath the many masks he wore. All he knows for certain—along with millions of theatergoers—is that all the masks show the touch of genius.

## Stories from Israel

TEHILLA & OTHER ISRAELI TALES (271 pp.)—Abelard-Schuman (\$3.50).

This anthology offers a sampling of a new national literature that is still in the process of being born. While all nine of the stories were originally written in Hebrew, only three of the authors are sabras\*, born in Palestine and accustomed to the language from infancy. The others, coming as immigrants, had to learn vernacular Hebrew at ages ranging from 19 to 33. Most of the stories reflect the authors' predominantly European culture, and echoes of Voltaire, De Maupassant, James Joyce and Sholom Aleichem sound more clearly than do the wild notes of Oriental imagery or the deep rhythms of the Old Testament.

Curiously, none of the stories reflects the drama-packed years that marked the national struggle against Britain, the creation of Israel as a state, or the 1948 war against the Arab League. In *David's Bowler* by Yitzhak Shenhar there are young men in uniform and offstage gunfire, but the plot deals with a day's events in a Jerusalem boarding house—marital intrigue, religious argument, family bickering—and could just as easily have taken place in any Western capital. Two of the tales—*Barkash* and *Hamamah*—are about Arabs, not Jews, and reveal a surprising attachment for the way of life of Bedouin and fellahin. Others hold a mirror to contemporary Israeli life: Yehuda Yaari's pastoral *The Shepherd and His Dog* reflects the sabra's passionate love of his barren land; Jerusalem-born Yehuda Burla writes wittily of the marriage between a stolid Oriental Jew and his hopelessly romantic Russian Jewish wife—which is also a marriage between two very different civilizations.

The title story, *Tehilla*, is perhaps the one most deeply infused with the Jewish

\* Literally, cactus plants, used to distinguish the supposedly tougher natives from the tender-foot newcomers.



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past. On the surface a straightforward account of the saintly life and pious death of a venerable matriarch, it is luminous with ghetto wisdom, Hassidic mysticism and that sense of close kinship with God that has been the buckler of the Jews through the centuries. The Israeli writers are clearly still groping toward a native form of expression, and this book gives an indication of their potential. No other group of writers, except possibly the Anglo-Indians, have so great an opportunity of drawing on the inexhaustible treasure houses of both East and West.

## RECENT & READABLE

**The Mermaids**, by Eva Boros. A minor magic mountain on whose emotional crags a few people suffering from TB—and from life—act out a perception, beautifully written love story (TIME, Nov. 26).

**Venice Observed**, by Mary McCarthy. A wise writer and brilliant stylist on a fascinating guided tour through the Floating City's haunted past and present (TIME, Nov. 26).

**The Muses Are Heard**, by Truman Capote. A literary hummingbird in the tundra writes a funny and occasionally gripping report about the *Porgy and Bess* troupe in Russia, and how jive and Marxism failed to dig each other (TIME, Nov. 19).

**Doubting Thomas**, by Winston Brebner. An artfully simple parable about an agent of a nightmarish, Orwellian superstate who yearly does the mask of a clown and, as a kind of "fool in Christ," gradually rediscovers the frailty, dignity and rights of man (TIME, Nov. 12).

**Compulsion**, by Meyer Levin. Leopold and Loeb's 1924 murder of a 14-year-old boy, reconstructed in a novel that has all the hypnotic fascination of a name tag on a slab in the city morgue (TIME, Nov. 12).

**Gay Monarch**, by Virginia Cowles. How that sportive voluptuary, Edward VII, played his princely role behind mother's back, and later, the part of King, with more diplomatic distinction than Queen Victoria could ever have imagined (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Six Feet of the Country**, by Nadine Gordimer. Out of the bitter South African soil, a choice harvest of short stories in which white wars with black, man with woman, and sensibility with wit (TIME, Oct. 15).

**The Letters of Thomas Wolfe**, edited by Elizabeth Nowell. The confessional of an unchained literary Prometheus—dithyrambic, apostrophic, tumid—yet deeply touched with the mighty American spirit (TIME, Oct. 8).

## MISCELLANY

**Rob Raw**. In Milwaukee, when police arrested her for shoplifting, learned after a brief search that she was stark naked under her coat, 23-year-old Lois Johnson explained to a matron that she wore only the coat because she didn't have a clean dress.

**Amicus Curiae**. In Miami, after being fired by the city commission, City Attorney Olavi M. Hendrickson was given instructions by the mayor to appeal a Circuit Court ruling that restored him to his job, declined to do so, on the grounds that "the decision was eminently correct, and an appeal would be a waste of time and money."

**Candy Is Dandy**... In Klamath Falls, Ore., when prisoners sent their weekly orders for cigarettes, chocolate bars and magazines to a nearby store. Jailer Fred Calfee intercepted and rejected one list: 5 lbs. of white rice, 1 large can of pineapple juice, 2 lbs. of seedless raisins, 10 lbs. of sugar, 2 cakes of brewer's yeast.

**Pupils' Choice**. In Irondequoit, N.Y., a district school board offered to let local schoolchildren name a new, \$3,500,000 school, reconsidered after early returns in the write-in balloting showed a clear preference for "The Elvis Presley High School."

**Camera Obscura**. In Manhattan, a camera shop carried an official bankruptcy notice in one window, its own sign in the other:

*This is a Non-Profit Organization  
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It just happened.*

**Aid & Comfort**. In Liberty, Mo., after they found Motorist James Denoff sweating over a stalled car, pushed it to him, waved him on his way, Officers Jack Corum and Donald Morris learned that Denoff had stolen the automobile, was using it for his getaway from a supermarket robbery.

**Mallet Case**. In Garfield, N.J., two weeks after he was questioned and found not guilty of street fighting, Martin Resnick was haled into the same courtroom, admitted that during his first visit he had swiped the magistrate's gavel.

**Rematch**. In Los Angeles, Harvey and Billie Cravaack got divorced, then got married again, later separated following a court session (Harvey claimed he awoke once to find Billie "scratching on my Adam's apple with an icpick") and Billie countered that Harvey had threatened to poison their swimming pool), finally were divorced a second time after Billie testified that Harvey had pulled her from the shower, "dragged me by the hair of my head through the house," tossed her outdoors nude, later pushed her from their car on a freeway.



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With the development of the Spratainer, Crown originated the "throw-away" pressure package for the mass consumer market. The Spratainer has changed packaging practices in many industries as well as consumer buying habits.

Yet this is but *one* of Crown's cans which are used by the beer, food, citrus, cosmetic, petroleum and paint industries. Crown is the leading producer of crowns and closures. It is equally outstanding in

lithography . . . in the development and manufacture of fillers and crowners for beer, soft drinks and milk . . . and in specially designed contract machinery.

We invite you to take advantage of Crown's broad knowledge and experience in packaging. You'll find that the service and economy provided by "one company responsibility" pays real dividends when you . . . *call on Crown.*

CROWN CORK & SEAL COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND



"IN OUR 24 YEARS OF BUSINESS

***We've bought 1,000 trucks***

**AND WHEN IT COMES TO AIR BRAKES, WE PREFER**

***Bendix-Westinghouse!"***

**THE WORLD'S MOST TRIED AND TRUSTED AIR BRAKES**

**MR. JOHN BISGROVE, President  
Red Star Lines of Auburn, N. Y., Inc.**

From his company's general headquarters in Auburn, New York, Mr. Bisgrove directs the activities of the largest motor carrier domiciled in the state of New York. Red Star Express Lines serves the states of New York and New Jersey and maintains eight conveniently located terminals. The company employs over 750 people and in 1955 rolled up over 8,300,000 total miles.



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General offices and factory—Elyria, Ohio. Branches—Berkeley, Calif. and Oklahoma City, Okla.







*at the best time of all...give the best bourbon of all*

## GOLD CUP DECANTER BY OLD CHARTER



Kentucky's Finest Straight Bourbon, the whiskey that didn't watch the clock seven long years. For a gift that's *excitingly* different, give this decanter of regal elegance crowned with a golden cup.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 7 YEARS OLD • OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

**This Christmas buy cartons of *Luckies***



**So nice to give...**



**to get ... to serve ... to enjoy !**

